

Sports Illustrated

DOUBLE ISSUE DEC. 27, 1982-JAN. 3, 1983 \$1.75

SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

Wayne Gretzky



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LETTER FROM THE PUBLISHER

These are the eyes of Contributing Photographer Brian Lanker: large, blue, curious, spellbinding. The rest of the man is all of those things, too, except blue, but we show only his eyes here because it was Lanker's extraordinary vision that produced the photographic essay *Pieces of '82*, which begins on page 52 of this issue.

Each of his pictures presents a crucial or intimate aspect of one of the year's most significant sports events or notable athletes, often in a setting that, in Lanker's words, "tries to evoke the image of the performance and then allows you to go beyond, to the pleasure of recognizing the human scale that makes the story fascinating."

Lanker is 35 years old. He spent his

trifles is not tripping over the furniture, and because of a great north wall of glass that faces on the massive trunk of a madrone tree. Grasping blackberry vines haul themselves over the deck railings, and within there's a fragrance of turpentine about the place. Opening a stained-glass door, one discovers a high-ceilinged studio and Lynda working at her latest painting. Perhaps that's the main thing: this house is beautiful and sun-drenched because it's inhabited by artists, for whom the look of something is grist for expression and the subject of passion.

Lanker's work has received the highest honors. He won the 1973 Pulitzer Prize for feature photography, and was the 1970 and 1976 National Newspaper



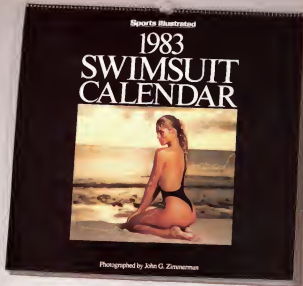
childhood in Michigan (where his father, Bud Lanker, wrote for the *Detroit Free Press*) and his adolescence in Arizona (where he worked for three years in his late teens as a "prolife, but not very good" photographer for the *Phoenix Gazette*) and got his professional education in Kansas (studying with SI Contributing Photographer Rich Clarkson at the *Topeka Capital-Journal*). He has lived for the last eight years in Eugene, Ore., where until recently he was director of photography at the *Register-Guard*. Lanker and his wife, Lynda, who is a portrait artist, reside there with children Julie, 13, Jack, 10, and Dustin, 6, in the most gorgeous many-leveled hillside house in that city of open beams.

Their home is arresting because of its antiques, because of the array of spectacular Lanker photographs that draw the visitor's attention away from such

Photographer of the Year. Such sustained excellence is a result of technical expertise and an infectious, almost boyish curiosity about the life that unfolds before those eyes.

"Writers and photographers tend to see their roles as being separate," Lanker says. "But, in fact, words and photographs are both messengers. Of the photographs in this essay I most like the ones that are full of information, the ones you can really look at for a long time. Read what it says on some of Alberto Salazar's old ribbons there beside the laurel wreath. It was fascinating to go hunting for things that would produce a start of recognition, that sense of 'Ah, this is the way it was.'"

Philip D. Harker



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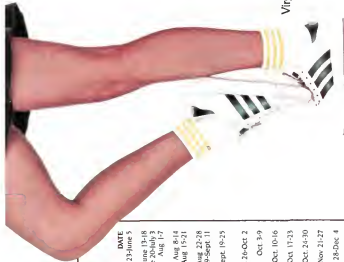
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Virginia Slims of Washington	Jan. 3-9	French Open	May 23-June 5
Virginia Slims of Houston	Jan. 10-16	BMW Championships	June 13-18
Murjani Cup	Jan. 31-Feb. 6	Wimbledon	June 20-July 3
Virginia Slims of Chicago	Feb. 14-20	U.S. Clay Courts	Aug. 1-7
Virginia Slims of California	Feb. 21-27	Virginia Slims of Los Angeles	Aug. 8-14
Virginia Slims of Dallas	Mar. 7-13	Canadian Open	Aug. 15-21
Virginia Slims of Boston	Mar. 14-20	Virginia Slims of New Jersey	Aug. 22-28
Virginia Slims Championships of New York	Mar. 23-27	U.S. Open	Aug. 29-Sept. 11
Family Circle Magazine Cup	Apr. 4-10	Central Fidelity Tennis Invitational	Sept. 19-25
Lipton WTA Championships	Apr. 11-17	U.S. National Women's Indoor Championships	Sept. 26-Oct. 2
United Airlines Tournament of Champions	Apr. 18-24	Virginia Slims of Detroit	Oct. 3-9
Virginia Slims of Atlanta	Apr. 25-May 1	Florida Federal Open	Oct. 10-16
Italian Open	May 2-8	Dalhousie Challenge	Oct. 17-23
German Open	May 16-23	Porsche Tennis Grand Prix	Oct. 24-30
		NSW Building Society Women's Open	Nov. 21-27
		Australian Open	Nov. 28-Dec. 4

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It is play for many and work for a few. It is what no one *has* to do and almost everyone *wants* to do. It represents, on the one hand, challenges willingly accepted—and on the other, gambits willingly declined.

Its colors are as bright as a cardinal's feathers; as soft as midnight on a mountain trail. It is as loud as a sta-

drum at the climax of a World Series—and as quiet as snow. It is exercise and rest. It is man exuberant and man content.

In America today, sport is not only a dream that lies over the rainbow. It is also an awakening that brings a family together—on a boat or beach, skiing weekend or camping trip.

Sport is a wonderful world.

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Shopwalk

by SARAH PILEGGI

PRAISE BE, THE TRUE WOODEN YO-YO HAS BEEN REVIVED. AND THAT'S NO JIVE

Like many yo-yo aficionados of the 1940s and '50s, Tom Kuhn, 39, inventor of the No-Jive 3-in-1 Yo-Yo, which is made of maple, was weaned on wood. With the advent of plastic yo-yos in 1955, Kuhn, then 12, packed away his trophies—the patch that said DUNCAN YO-YO WINNER and the pearl-colored yo-yo inlaid with rhinestones—and retired. “The plastic ones just didn’t feel the same,” he says.

Kuhn’s skills lay dormant for more than two decades, during which he became a dentist in San Francisco, until the day almost five years ago when a friend gave him a rosewood yo-yo. Its woodenness, like Proust’s madeleine, opened the floodgates of memory. Soon Kuhn was once again walking the dog, skimming the cat and reaching for the moon.

“But then the axle broke,” he says. “I glued it, but it kept breaking, so I took it down to my shop in the basement and began experimenting.”

Six months later Kuhn emerged with a classic, a yo-yo made of well-varnished eastern hard rock maple with a patented replaceable wooden axle. The yo-yo is 2⅜ inches in diameter and weighs 1½ ounces. At first it was marketed in a small way; now it’s available all over.

“It’s a no-nonsense tournament professional yo-yo,” says its creator. “That’s why I called it No-Jive.” The two sides unscrew and can be reassembled in three different configurations—face-to-face, back-to-back and pagoda, or piggyback, style—hence, 3-in-1. Included with the yo-yo are 60 feet of strong cotton string (enough for eight or 10 replacements), two spare axle sleeves and a 32-page instructional booklet entitled *Pumping Wood*. The No-Jive can be purchased in hobby, sporting goods and Brookstone stores and through Brookstone catalogs, for between \$10 and \$12. Or you can buy one for \$13.95 by writing to Tom Kuhn Custom Yo-Yos, 2183 California St., San Francisco, Calif. 94115.

Lately, between patients, Kuhn has been practicing tricks with two yo-yos. He thinks of them as “little spaceships in concentric orbits out there.” No jive. **PHOTO**

Gilbey's idea of a gin and tonic: Taste the gin, too.



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ON DECK

by RICHARD ROGIN

TWO HIGH-SCHOOLERS MAY (GASP!) RUN FOUR-MINUTE MILES AT THE MILLROSE

This mile race may not quite be at the level of Sebastian Coe vs. Steve Ovett or Sydney Maree vs. Steve Scott, but there will be an almost magical competitive aura at 9:50 p.m. Jan. 28 at the Wanamaker Millrose Games in New York's Madison Square Garden when Mike Stahr, of Carmel, N.Y., and John Carloti, of Bernardsville, N.J., probably the two best schoolboy milers in the country, and eight other runners assemble at the starting line for the Jumbo Elliott High School One-Mile Run. Up in the balcony, the fans of the Carmel High Rams and the Bernards High Mountaineers will be making an expectant tumult.

And the time should be very fast. Both 18-year-old seniors are aiming for Thom Hunt's national high school indoor record of 4:02.7, set in San Diego in 1976. Stahr even talks with matter-of-fact confidence about going under four minutes in this race. Larry Byrns, a member of the three-man Millrose committee which puts together the all-star schoolboy field, says only half-jokingly that the winning time might even be better than that of the famous Wanamaker Mile, which will feature the likes of Eamonn Coghlan, Tom Byrns and Ray Flynn.

"Mike Stahr and John Carloti are two of the best talents I've seen in years," says Bill Dellinger, the track and field coach at the University of Oregon. "They have natural speed. They've demonstrated that they compete well. They remind me of two guys I recruited five or six years ago, Rudy Chapa and Alberto Salazar. They're in that class. I expect them both to continue to improve. Naturally, I'd like to see both come to Oregon."

But the coaches at Kansas, Villanova, Florida and Virginia and a host of other schools are also busy recruiting—phoning, scouting, visiting, flying the boys out to the campuses. After all, these are two schoolboys capable of breaking the four-minute barrier in the mile, and that hasn't happened since Marty Liquori did it 15 years ago.

Though they live only 90 miles apart in wooded, hilly suburban New York

continued

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I'm very serious about running." Ignoring traditional interval workouts for speed during the cross-country season, Mather reserves Tuesday afternoons for team time trials at various distances—3,000 meters, 1,500, 800.

As the tail of the cross-country season, Carlotti's mileage drops to about 60 miles a week. He's out daily at 6 a.m. for an easy jog and then does the longer quality stuff with the team in the afternoon as he zeroes in on the Millrose. Stahr and becoming the fourth high-schooler to break four minutes in the spring.

"I wasn't strong enough for the mile last year," he says. "Now I feel very strong. I feel I have more in me." Of his Millrose strategy, he says, "I'd sort of like to get into the lead or settle right behind Stahr. I'll push him; it'll be close. I'm ready for this. It should be pretty fast, between me and him." He thinks the pace might be 60, 2:01, 3:02 and a sprint to the finish.

On a Tuesday in mid-November, the afternoon of a handicap 800-meter time

trial, the better runners playing catch-up, the temperature is a brisk 40° and a buoyancy stirs the boys' and girls' teams as they warm up. Carlotti bounces from foot to foot behind the starting line while his teammates take off in staggered groups as much as 10 seconds ahead of him. Then he is away, in racing flats, gaining on the others with every long, powerful stride. "See how he glides," says Mather. "He pushes off." "Run tall, Carlo!" shouts Assistant Coach Mark Wetmore across the track. Wetmore, a volunteer, worked with John over the summer to prepare him for the Fifth Avenue Mile. Carlotti is smoothly through the 400 in just under 56 seconds and at the finish has caught all but one of seven runners, with a 1:53 flat. Mather had thought he would do 1:57. It is, as coaches say, awesome, especially in mid-autumn, off no speed training—an augury of things to come. The coaches try to suppress their excitement, but even Dellinger soon hears about this performance.

"He's got it," says Mather, quietly euc-

phoric. "When you got it, you got it. It's beautiful. It's a God-given gift. With God's blessing, he'll run under four minutes. And with Stahr, it'll be great for Americans."

Are the heirs to Ryun and Liquori already here? Will they both run for Oregon? How much better will they get? Their second confrontation will be at the Millrose. And there will be more to come in the spring at the big high school meets and in open competition. Of course, if they concentrate too much on each other in the Millrose, perhaps a dark horse like Brian Jaeger, a 4:09.1 miler from Winter Park, Fla., might just sneak by.

Whatever happens, Byrne says it's the best field in the 10-year history of the schoolboy event. It's scheduled to go off just before the national anthem and the premier Wanamaker Mile. Chuckling, Byrne says, "I threatened to tell Howard [Schmertz, the meet director] that we'll announce: 'The next race is the male run. It's being run in two sections, the winner to be decided on time.'"

END

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TROUBLE IN PARADISE?

The pro football strike has been over for five weekends, but now another kind of walkout is plaguing the NFL: Fans have been staying away from stadiums in vast numbers. On the Dec. 12 weekend, for example, a total of 244,000 tickets to the 14 NFL games played either weren't bought or weren't used. That means a startling 27.3% of the seats remained empty, compared to last season's average of only 6.2%.

Seven games, half the schedule, were blacked out on local TV last weekend because of the large number of tickets still unsold 72 hours before game time. The Dallas Cowboys were blacked out locally for the first time in 44 games, or since Oct. 2, 1977. In Buffalo's three home games since the strike, 82,548 tickets weren't sold—more than for all the Bills' home games the previous two seasons. The Browns averaged more than 24,000 unsold tickets for their first two post-strike home games—10 times the 1981 number—and last Sunday, for the first time since 1962, failed to sell out a home game with the Steelers. When the Kansas City Chiefs hosted the Los Angeles Raiders on Dec. 12, a sparse crowd of only 26,307 turned out, leaving 51,790 empty seats—41,054 of them unsold. The New York Jets drew only 28,147 against visiting Tampa Bay, the smallest crowd at Shea Stadium since the Jets moved there in 1964.

All three TV networks have experienced lower ratings for NFL games. For the first four weekends after the strike, ABC and CBS were down 16% from a similar four-week period a year ago (although the drop was nowhere near as severe in a season-long comparison). NBC was off 4%. And TV can no longer be counted on to automatically provide the megabucks the NFL is used to. The networks and the league have already been negotiating downward adjustments in payments because of games missed during the strike, and the TV people are thinking about discussing further adjustments because of the low ratings during the "second season." The drop in ratings means advertisers aren't getting the bang from the buck they had anticipated, which is a matter of considerable concern for the networks.

Every team lost money during the strike. On the average, the figure was roughly \$5 million per club. In its aftermath some teams have been hurt much more than others. Eight of the league's 28 clubs have sustained 82% of the NFL's decline in ticket sales. Chiefs owner Lamar Hunt says, "I won't call it a crisis, but I think it's a major concern when you can't fill the stadium. The teams share TV money equally, yes, but some of them are selling 50,000 tickets while others can't sell nearly that many. If Kansas City, New Orleans, New England, Baltimore and a few others all of a sudden start drawing only 25,000 a game, they won't be able to compete economically. This is a fragile situation."

Signs of what's really in store for the league won't be clear until next spring, when orders for 1983 season tickets start coming in. If those orders are down markedly, there will indeed be trouble in NFL paradise.

At the moment, though, predictions are conventionally rosy. Explanations for the stay-aways are put. The eight-week strike left fans irritated and confused. Those who aren't angry find themselves unable to get a handle on what a 4-2 record means in relation to the shortened season and tangled playoff system. Tex Schramm, general manager of the Cowboys, says, "Obviously a lot of fans have lost interest in the races."

Browns owner Art Modell says, "This is a temporary thing, but what we have to do is promote again. We can't just open the doors and expect to win back instant support." Mike Lynn, general manager of the Minnesota Vikings, adds that he wanted the season resumed after the strike no matter how few games were left on the schedule so that fans could "vent their anger" this year, express their feelings and get it over with.

Ring Devine, president of the NFL. St. Louis Cardinals and a former baseball man, says, "Time takes care of things like this. There's a definite parallel with the baseball strike. Last year the Brewers couldn't even fill their stadium for the playoffs. This year they could have filled the place twice. Just remember: Baseball broke all records for attendance this season, just one year after its strike."

MOUTHPIECE

At the Chicago law firm of Holstein, Mack & Associates, a young attorney named Bruce Wolf shuts himself in his office three times each day, pulls a couple of thick law books from the shelves and gets down to work. He stacks the books on his desk, puts a microphone on top of them—the better to position it at mouth level—does a headset and starts talking. For 90 seconds (live at 7:55 and 8:55 a.m., on tape at 5:55 p.m.) he races through a breezy, offbeat, impudent, satirical sports report that's broadcast over radio station WLUP: "Hey, Chet Chitchat here with the lobotomy line on sports! Holy Cow!



Holy Toledo! Holy Mackerell! Wholly unsatisfactory N.E. of L. labor contract" and "Today's quiz question—if Steve Garvey and Ed Garvey were brothers, which would their Mom like best?"

The 29-year-old Wolf began his radio career as an undergraduate at Northwestern, and after graduating in 1975, he continued to broadcast occasionally while holding down a newspaper job. A once-a-week stint on WXRT led to a daily spot on that station that he did live from home. After finishing law school (at Chicago-Kent College of Law at night) and going to work for Holstein, Mack, he landed the WLUP shows.

In between broadcasts, which is to say most of the time, Wolf takes care of his legal responsibilities, sometimes missing a broadcast because of them. "I don't want this to turn into a full-time job," he told Eric Zorn of the *Chicago Tribune*. "I mean, I've already got a full-time job."

continued

WHY I'M A UNITED WAY VOLUNTEER



STEPHEN GRAHAM

Home: Seattle, Washington

Career: Attorney

Age: 29 **Married:** One daughter

Interests: Hiking, writing, cartooning, bicycling and volunteering for United Way

I'm meeting all kinds of people who are doing the same.

"Most important of all, I'm learning more about human core needs. And how—as a United Way volunteer—I can make a difference here in Seattle. It's a valuable lesson in leadership.

"By helping shape my community's future, through United Way, I'm more than just living my life. I'm fulfilling it."

"Because there's more to my life than just me.

"Like being with my family. Hiking along the timberline. And getting involved in my community.

"Volunteering for United Way adds another dimension to my life. I'm putting my skills to work for the benefit of the entire community. And



Thanks to you...it works...for ALL OF US **United Way**

SCORECARD *continued*

Being a lawyer is more than a full-time job. . .

Still, each day there he is, microphone on books, telling his listeners that an NFL team scored "much to the delight of the 14,685 no-shows" and, reacting to TV's overabundance of World Series features, "there are eight million stones in the naked locker room."

PICK 'EM

The "Latest Line" column in the New York Daily News last week listed the point spread for Saturday's Raiders-Rams game as follows:

FAVORITE	PIS	UNDERDOG
LOS ANGELES	7½	Los Angeles

Hard to go wrong on that one.

NOT QUITE A HOUSEHOLD NAME

What active coach or manager in pro sports has the best won-lost percentage, based on a minimum of 100 games? The top record among big league baseball managers is Dick Howser's .596 (213 wins, 144 losses), which puts the Kansas City skipper fifth among our finalists. Fourth is Scotty Bowman of the Buffalo Sabres, with a .684 (609 wins, 233 losses, 179 ties). Third is Billy Cunningham of the Philadelphia 76ers (.697, 299 wins, 130 losses). Second is Don Shula of the Miami Dolphins (.719, 199 wins, 76 losses, six ties). And Numero Uno in this competition, the coach with the best percentage, is . . . Well, of course, you knew it all the time. It's Don Popovic of the—let's see—the New York Arrows of the—was a second—the Major Indoor Soccer League. Popovic has an .808 percentage (122 wins, 29 losses). True, Shula and Howser have coached about twice as many games as Popovic has, Cunningham almost three times as many, Bowman six times as many. Never mind. In this competition, Pop's tops.

A WARNING WITH TEETH

This was all in fun, although it sounds a little strange. For Jerry Stewart, football coach at Tucker (Ga.) High, 1981 was one of those nightmare seasons in which his team lost more than its share of one-point games. After it was over, Stewart got a letter from a local man, saying, "You have any more games like that, and I'll shoot your dog." Stewart wrote back, saying, "I don't have a dog." A few days

continued

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later his doorbell rang, and there on the step was a puppy. With it was a note that said, "Don't get too attached to this." This year Tucker High went 6-5, and at the postseason awards banquet, Stewart's opening comment was, "I'm happy for my seniors . . . and for my dog, Sam."

PROSE AND CONS

The World Charter for Nature, three years in the framing and recently submitted for approval to the U.N. General Assembly, contains some very lofty provisions. Among them are, "Nature shall be respected and its essential processes shall not be impaired" and "Nature shall be secured against degradation caused by warfare or other hostile activities." Considering the high ideals manifest in the document, it was small wonder that on Oct. 28 the General Assembly passed the charter by a resounding 111-1 vote (with 18 abstentions).

The significance of this vote, particularly to those who have been fighting the Reagan Administration on the environmental front, was that the lone dissenter was the U.S. However, according to transcripts of the debate on the charter's passage, American objections to it weren't inspired by Interior Secretary James Watt or anyone else in Washington. If those misgivings were inspired by anyone, it may have been Sirunk and White. The U.S. representatives didn't like the grammar of the charter.

Said U.S. spokesman Robert Zimmerman, "For example, paragraph 13 begins 'Measures intended to prevent, control and mitigate natural disasters. . . .' We submit that neither the United Nations nor man can prevent natural disasters. We think that the intent may well have been 'the effects of natural disasters. . . .' We think that if all the 'shalls' that are in the document could have been changed to 'shoulds,' we would have been much more likely to have gone along."

While nuts were being picked, the Japanese voiced their misgivings concerning the syntax of the charter, which was written in French, one of the U.N.'s two official languages, and then translated—accurately, all parties agree—into four other tongues. Of the preamble, which states that nature cannot be conserved "until mankind learns to live in peace and to forsake war and armaments," the Japanese delegate said, "According to this argument, the existence of armaments is in

itself detrimental to the protection of nature. This seems to us illogical: It is not arms per se but their use in warfare which affects nature adversely."

Yet the Japanese found it in their hearts to vote for the charter, as did the British and nearly all the rest of America's friends and enemies. The spokesman for Zaire, which co-sponsored the charter, said, "We have been waiting for three years for a consensus, and it is not our fault if the United States delegation has not been in a position for the past three years to submit its comments."

The U.S. delegation stuck to its grammatical guns. As a spokeswoman for the American mission said last week, "We're not against the Charter for Nature. We're against the language. How can we back a bad document on nature or anything? Unlike some of these countries, we have to answer to our people." For every frowning environmentalist, somewhere out there is a smiling English teacher.

FAST COMPANY

A note from St.'s Franz Lutz: "Willie Gault, Tennessee's All-America wide receiver and world-class hurdler, is getting married next June. His best man will be Renaldo Nehemiah, the world-record hurdler, and world-class sprinters Carl Lewis, Stanley Floyd and Harvey Gance will be in the wedding party. Boy, talk about quickie marriages."

THAT'S SHOW BIZ

Of course, you know the San Diego Chicken, the clown in fowl costume who entertains crowds, mainly at baseball games. The Chicken, whose real name is Ted Giannoulis, is big stuff and is making a bundle in appearances all over the country.

You may not know Max Patkin, another baseball clown who began doing his zany, rubber-legged, rubber-faced act in an earlier era when oldtime baseball entertainers Al Schacht and Nick Altrock were still around. Bill Veeck loved Patkin's routine and used him a lot at Indians and White Sox games, but in recent years Max has been performing mostly in minor league parks.

At the baseball meetings in Honolulu earlier this month, both Patkin and the Chicken were in attendance, to keep their lines of communication open to baseball's entrepreneurs and to drum up

a little trade. At one point the 62-year-old Patkin and the 29-year-old Giannoulis passed each other on adjacent escalators, Ted ascending, Max descending. Symbolism was rampant. A friend watching said, "Max, look at that. You're coming down, the Chicken's going up. Why don't you get a costume?"

HOLIER THAN THOU

Tim O'Reilly and John McGowan, a couple of good Catholic boys at St. Joseph's University in Philadelphia, were cheered by St. Joe's 64-56 win over Maryland on Dec. 8, which is the Feast of the Immaculate Conception, a holy day for Catholics. Curious as to how other saintly teams did that day, O'Reilly and McGowan did some checking around and came up with this remarkable list:

St. Bonaventure 86, Canisius 73
St. Francis (N.Y.) 90, Wagner 75
St. Francis (Pa.) 79, Cabrini 63
St. John's (Minn.) 81, Augsburg 70
St. John's (N.Y.) 87, Fairleigh Dickinson 65
St. Joseph's (Ind.) 90, N.E. Illinois 80
St. Mary of the Plains 92, Sterling 81
St. Michael's 80, Vermont 72
St. Peter's 65, NC-Charlotte 57
St. Thomas (Mo.) 71, Macalester 62
St. Vincent 73, Indiana (Pa.) 56

Because there are a couple of Catholic colleges on the losing side in that list, O'Reilly and McGowan suggest that perhaps Dec. 8 ought to be renamed All Saints' Day. Regrettably, they add two more scores:

Castleton State 83, St. Joseph the Provident 53

Nazareth 64, St. John Fisher 61

Probably forgot to say their prayers.

THEY SAID IT

■ Bum Phillips, New Orleans Saints coach, on Bear Bryant's retirement (page 24) after losing four games this season: "I hate to see him take the blame, but he said when things go wrong you've got to start at the top. Of course, I thought he meant the president of the university."

■ Frank (Muddy) Waters, fired as Michigan State football coach after three straight losing seasons, on the difficulty of turning a program around: "One problem is that some of our people want to go back to the good ol' days. But we can't go back to the good ol' days because they ain't legal."

END

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After Many A Splendid Season, The Bear Hangs Up His Hat

Paul (Bear) Bryant retires, and a confidant paints a rare and revealing portrait of the gridiron colossus by JOHN UNDERWOOD

I watched the papers last week to see if Bear Bryant had "croaked." That's what he said he would do if he ever quit coaching football, and quit he had. A few years ago he told me coaching wasn't as much fun anymore, and I suggested he retire and rest on his abundant laurels. He looked at me as if I'd put my thumb in his soup. "Quit coaching?" he growled. "I'd croak in a week." I've heard him say that three or four times since, and Bryant usually does what he says he's going to do. Maybe he changed his mind about croaking. I hope so.

It will be irresistible now for sports historians and other armchair quarterbacks to dredge the 44 years of Bryant's coaching career for fragments to explain his greatness. I anticipate no new evidence. Bryant's success had a lot to do with his being tough to pin down. It was part of his genius that it was impossible to pin him down for long. Stifle his offense and he beat you with defense. Graduate his passing attack and he hammered you with wishbone running. Take him for granted at Kentucky and he slipped away in the night to win at Texas A&M. Bryant said and Bryant did, but he always kept you off balance doing it.

Even the timing of his retirement, after three straight losses at the end of a 7-4 Alabama season, was somewhat difficult to square. At 69 he was certainly entitled to hang up his hat, and he said he was "worn out." But he always said things like that. I thought he might wait to ride out on another national championship, always on the horizon at Alabama. Furthermore, he always said losing just made him "get up earlier the next morning to find a way to win." Apparently he isn't the early riser he used to be.

When I finally got through the labyrinth of telephone well-wishers and commissioners to hear for myself, I thought I had it figured out: Bryant loved Alabama so much he wanted to make the transition as easy as possible for his successor, Ray Perkins, the Giants coach and a former Alabama player, one of Bryant's "boys." It would be less burdensome for Perkins to follow a 7-4 Bryant.

"Well, sure," Bryant said on the phone. "It'll be better for Ray now than if we'd gone 11 and 0."

"It wasn't the losing itself that made you quit then? I didn't think so."

continued

"Hell, yes, it was the losing," he said. "Four losses is too many around here. And I'm surrounded by young alligators." Alabama, he said, needed somebody who could recruit against all those alligators (read rival coaches) using his anticipated retirement against "Bama in their sales pitches.

"You really are tired then?" I said. "I feel great, actually. I got a lot of things I want to do," he said.

"Like what?"
 "I'm not sure yet."
 See? Tough to pin the man down.

At Maryland, Kentucky, Texas A&M and Alabama, Bryant won 322 times. Along the way he picked up three or six national championships, depending on whose lists you consult. Bum Phillips used to say Bear Bryant won because he "didn't coach football, he coached people." I would refine that only to say that "coaching people" checked out to be a unique ability to communicate. The hard-eyed toughness, the mumbling and the baggy pants were only trappings. Bear outcommunicated everybody.

Before an important road game one year, he invited me to live with the team to get the makings of a story. At the pregame breakfast on Saturday, I sat next to an Alabama professor who had been invited along. Bryant carried faculty support by doing things like that, itself a form of communication. When he made his talk to the team, he barely spoke above a whisper. The players leaned forward in their seats, and one tipped over a glass of water. The spill hitting the floor sounded like Niagara Falls. When Bryant finished, the professor turned to me, awed. "If I could reach my students like that I'd teach for nothing," he said.

Effective as he was with a group, Bryant was even better one-on-one. In person he really communicated. He coaxed and cajoled, and scared hell out of people. He knew he could do this, inspire fear, and he used it like a wrench. Ray Perkins says he always respected and loved Bryant but was never intimidated by him. Perkins was probably in the minority. John David Crow stood outside

Bryant's office door for more than an hour one afternoon at Texas A&M, waiting for "the man" to come out, but not daring to knock. And all Crow had done was win the Heisman Trophy.

Bryant's coaches were no less awed. One day he ordered his staff to "meet in my office first thing in the morning." Not knowing for sure what Bryant meant by "first thing," Assistant Coach Duke Hennessey slept on the office floor that night.



Sugar Bowl 1979: beating Penn State makes Bear No. 1.

But the Bryant who could intimidate could also care deeply, and those who overlooked this part missed the best part. If he made use of your fear, he also wanted your love. Those who saw this sought him out. He enjoyed being sought out. My daughter Lori, when she was in school at Alabama, used to drop in on him unannounced, invading the posh inner sanctum of his office with a tenacity much greater than my own. She bullied him with affectionate needling about his insatiable smoking habit, and he never turned her away.

Last week, when she heard he had retired, Lori cried. "I love that old man,"

she said. I told Bryant. "Yeah, my grandchildren cried, too," he said. "They're thinking about themselves, not me. I want to do this."

Most of all Bryant loved the communication with athletes, "getting my message across," and even if he scared them they sensed his empathy. Joe Namath never called him anything but "Coach Bryant," but told me their private pregame walks were voyages rich in discovery (or words to that effect). After a game late one season, Bryant invited the players and their dates to his house for a barbecue, a first for him, and while the party ebbed and flowed around the pool and patio, he sat inside listening to a rival team's game on the radio.

Eventually one of the players came inside, and then, in twos and threes, the others joined him, too. "After a while they were all lying around on the floor listening to the game," Bryant said. "I never had a better time."

Only when you've seen the grinding poverty of Moro Bottom, Ark. that spawned him can you fully appreciate the otherwise implausible Bryant combination of ham and humble pie, and the joy he gets in celebrity. He really dreaded "going back," and cherished any affirmation that it wouldn't be necessary.

When we put together his life story for this magazine (Aug. 15, 1966 et seq.), we read the manuscript over at a friend's house in the Florida Keys. A few of his cronies were there, and Bryant was so pleased with the written evidence of his imminent apotheosis that he carted it around, one guest to another, making each read.

One year on the eve of the Hall of Fame banquet, we were to meet in New York. My flight arrived late, it was raining and cold, and when I got to the hotel he had left word to meet him at Patsy's restaurant. Thinking it was already too late, I went to bed. The phone rang.

"Where the hell are you?"
 "It's raining. It's cold. I'm in bed."
 "Frank Sinatra is at my table. You better get on over here."
 "Yeah, sure. I wouldn't want to miss Old Blue Eyes. Is Bing with him?"
 "O.K., dammit. Just hold on."

There was a short pause, then an unmistakable voice. "Hello, John? This is Francis Albert Sinatra. The Bear says for you to get your ass over here."

Bryant got back on the phone, tickled. "When'd I tell you?"

It's absurd to believe that because Bryant said he knew less about football than he did about people that this meant he wasn't brilliant about football. Football got him "out of the Bottoms," he "tied" to it, and clearly he knew the game as well as or better than anyone. He was always doing something a little better or a little different, and if it was something he borrowed, like Darrell Royal's wishbone, he invariably improved upon it. He was so adept in winning at the limits of the rules that the NCAA watched him like a hawk. His use of the "tackle-eligible" pass was so sneaky-effective that the rules committee banned the play.

On the field, he seemed always to be three or four moves ahead of the competition. During one game in Birmingham, I was on the sidelines when he turned to his offensive coordinator—I believe that it was Mal Moore—and asked some technical question about the rules on quick kicks. I remember neither question nor answer, only that it struck both the assistant and me as a strange inquiry. It was first down at the time, and the other team had the ball. Two plays later, the other team quick-kicked.

For a Saturday afternoon, he was the consummate competitor, willing to test the odds. It was the gambler in him. He loved to gamble, and made no bones about it. It may have been the reason he was suspect when *The Saturday Evening Post* tried to pin a fix on him and Wally Butts in the 1960s, a bad bet that cost the *Post* dearly. Bryant's gin games were legendary for their arcane scoring methods, and his golf matches at the Indian Hills course near Tuscaloosa were raucous with betting arguments.

One afternoon I tied it up as a first-timer in one of his groups, having been allowed the dubious honor of leading off. We were a foursome only in the sense that we had four golf carts. There were actually seven players, and the bets were

cross-wired with such complexity I figured I could make as much as \$5.50 or lose a month's pay. Bryant said, "We got a rule on the first tee. Hit till you get one you like." I hit my shot reasonably straight, and far enough so that I couldn't see the writing on the ball, and decided one was enough. I stepped aside.

The other six hit until each got one he liked. When they were done, the fairway looked like a field of freshly sprouted mushrooms.



Last regular season game: Bear gives a farewell five.

The craps tables at Las Vegas were no less familiar to Bryant than Indian Hills's contours. One night I was with him when he was availing himself of the action at a particularly crowded table. He had the dice, and was whooping it up and just having a wonderful time. Suddenly the man next to him pitched forward, nose first into the chips. What propelled him was Bryant. The man's right hand was gripped in Bryant's bear-like left. A split second before it had been in Bryant's pocket.

I was on the same side of the table, and all I saw was the man sprawling forward. Security guards moved in quickly and

took him away. Bryant went back to the dice.

The next day we were at Peppertine College in Malibu, where he was to speak to a group of coaches. It was the off-season and he had been playing hard. From childhood there have been many demons in his life, and drink was one of them then. He said he drank when he was bored, for better reasons, too. Years later he went to a place where he could get help ("You got to have a plan for everything") and took on that particular demon head-to-head and won. I was glad to hear that.

But at Peppertine he was drawn and washed out. Sweat popped out on his forehead before the meeting. He was barely into his speech when, with a clarity he reserved for crucial moments (no mumbling then), he said, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but is there a doctor in the house?" And he collapsed.

I was one of the first to reach him, and an ambulance was called. As we waited, he reached into his pocket and gave me his wallet. In the ambulance I checked the wallet to make sure I knew what I was carrying, and found it stuffed with \$100 bills. He had taken a good piece of Las Vegas out with him.

Last week when I called, Bryant was getting ready to go to practice for Alabama's Liberty Bowl game with Illinois—the last game he'll ever coach. I hadn't talked with him for a while, so he let me detain him. I asked if he intended to attend practice when Perkins took over next year. He said he would "tell Ray where the potholes are," and "help any and every way I can," but no, "I won't go near the field."

He said he was feeling great. I had heard he had had a minor face-lift and looked "15 years younger." For all the troubles it had seen, I figured his face deserved it, but not having the gas of my daughter, I didn't bring up the subject. Finally he said he'd "love to talk," and we'd "get together" this winter, but he had to get to practice.

All things considered, Bear Bryant didn't sound like a man who had croaking on his mind.

The Bruins Are Learning Fast

With its new running game in gear, second-ranked UCLA turned away tough Iowa by **JACK MCCALLUM**

The UCLA Bruins entered last Saturday's big game against Iowa unbeaten, untied and unimpressive. True, the Bruins were the second-ranked team in the country, but they had struggled on the road and had started slowly before winning their only home game. They had gotten their ranking on talent and potential, but they seemed in danger of losing it to an undefeated and 10th-ranked Hawkeye team that had been much more assertive in its six victories.

But as it happened, the peril was illusory. After falling behind 4-0 at Pauley Pavilion, the Bruins got their superb fast break going and, for the first time this season, lived up to expectations, with a 75-66 victory. Or, to put it more succinctly, UCLA had a Fields Day.

Scoring inside, outside and from the middle, forwards Kenny Fields, a 6' 8" junior, and Darren Daye, a 6' 8" senior, combined for 41 points and 20 rebounds. Their games are a mix of muscle and finesse: Fields has toned up his 225 pounds of baby fat since last season, while Daye has bench-pressed his weight from 185 pounds to 215 in the last two years. And they fill two lanes in what is sometimes a five-lane break on this Bruin track team.

That kind of versatility has lifted a huge burden off the considerable shoulders of sophomore Center Stuart Gray. By now everyone realizes that Gray isn't the seven-foot savior many thought he would be when he checked in last season, so his modest stats to date (8.0 points per game, 6.2 rebounds) don't look so bad when compared with Daye's (18.4 ppg, eight rebounds) and Fields's (16.4, nine). At least, they'll do as long as the Bruins are running.

On Saturday, Gray was only the second-best center on the floor. Iowa sophomore Greg Stokes had 27 points and nine rebounds, while Gray had four points and six rebounds in 22 minutes of play. UCLA Coach Larry Farmer often replaced Gray with a third guard (Michael Holton) or forward (Nigel Miguel).

Farmer has learned his lessons well after a grueling inaugural season that included NCAA probation for UCLA, an early slump and the inevitable pressure of walking in Wooden shoes. Farmer has now won 20 of his last 21 games, including five in a row this year. The defeat of Iowa was easily the season's most important and impressive.

Farmer would have people believe that he's not doing anything radically different from last season, when at one juncture UCLA lost an unprecedented three Pac-10 games in a row. (It once took John Wooden seven seasons to lose three conference games.) But Farmer's players say there is something different this year—namely, Farmer himself.

"You know, when we started out last season he wouldn't even let us dunk in practice," says senior Guard Rod Foster, who's averaging 14.6 points per game. "This year he doesn't care. Guys are having a ball." Gray, who'll never be mistaken for a ballet dancer, even performed a 180° stuff in UCLA's victory over Brigham Young in the opening game.

"I think Coach was a little uncertain about what he wanted to do last year," says junior Point Guard Ralph Jackson. "I think he took a little bit away from everybody's game. This year he's letting everybody play to their strength."

That strength is quickness. Foster is called the Rocket for good reason, and Jackson, Fields, Daye, Miguel and Holton get places in a hurry, too. "I haven't seen a quicker team," said Iowa Coach Lute Olson after the game, "and I don't want to."

Farmer spent much of last season defending a slower-paced offense, and now he finds himself uncomfortable with UCLA's new playground image. He argues that the Bruins are much more than a run-and-gun team, and he's certainly correct. But it was Farmer himself, on the first day of preseason practice, who decided that the Bruins would run, even after a made field goal. The sound of lip-smacking filled the gym. "You can't imagine how happy everyone was," says Holton. But the message is always: Run under control, pass under control, shoot under control. Jackson described the

last-second finger roll he scored to beat Notre Dame 65-64 on Dec. 4 as "the kind of shot the coach doesn't want me to take." Farmer was a two-year starter under Wooden, and Wooden lessons die hard, if they die at all.

Foster found that out during a full-court scrimmage the Wednesday before the Iowa game. He had recovered a loose ball near midcourt and, without looking,



flipped it over his shoulder to Daye, who took it down and jammed. Although it didn't appear to be a very risky pass, Farmer scowled and said to Foster, "Save that stuff for next year." Translation: This is UCLA, not the NBA.

Free-lancing got Foster in trouble with Farmer last season and helped keep Daye in a reserve role. Foster was taken from the starting lineup for 12 games, and Daye was the sixth man most of the year. "Both Darren and Rod had to learn more structure with our new system," says Farmer. "They were more used to the be-

hind-the-back, over-the-head stuff than some of the other guys. We just wanted to get from Point A to Point B in a different way than they sometimes did."

Clearly, Daye has found the proper route. In fact, he has become the key to the set offense, in addition to being valuable on the break. This year Farmer has installed both Fields and Gray down low in a double post, though Fields has some freedom to come out higher. Daye, the small forward, can pop up anywhere, but Farmer likes to get the ball to him around the free-throw line, where he can shoot the jumper or drive (he has a 55.7 field-goal percentage) or penetrate and dish off (his 13 assists are second on the team to Jackson's 21). "Darren is such a great ball handler that he can basically do anything he wants to do," says Fields. "Last year he didn't get the chance. He was really disconnected. He wanted to start, and he let it bother him. Nothing's bothering him this year."

Farmer has a second option in his set offense when he removes Gray. He places both Fields and Daye down low and uses Miguel, a sophomore, or the seasoned Holton, a senior, at Daye's forward position. Then the point of emphasis of the offense switches to the low post rather than to Daye at the foul line. Of course, there's another option in the Bruin offense, one that has been around since 1979—Foster's jump shot from the wing. He was only five of 12 from the floor against Iowa, but his season percentage is still 62.0.

All these options combined to give UCLA a 36-22 lead over the Hawkeyes with 1:23 left in the first half. That kind of margin, and the 19-2 spurt that created it,

would have broken many teams in Pauley, but Iowa is no ordinary team. True, the Hawkeyes lack depth (in keeping with a season-long trend, all five starters played at least 34 minutes against UCLA) and have a reputation for folding in the stretch (as they did last year, when they lost six of their last nine games). But they have two talented and energetic inside men in Stokes and Michael Payne and two steady and experienced wingmen in Bob Hansen and Mark Gannon. Had they gotten better play from normally reliable Guard Steve Carlino (three for 11 from the floor), they could have beaten the Bruins.

As it was, they battled back relentlessly in the second half behind Stokes, who drove around Gray at will for layups and follow shots and scored 17 points in the final 20 minutes. It was Hansen who made a jumper with 23 seconds left to put the Hawkeyes within three points, 69-66. They got the ball back seconds later when Stokes stole Foster's errant pass. But Stokes was whistled for a charge with 17 seconds left, and it proved to be a tad costly for the Hawkeyes. They lost possession, the foul was Stokes's fifth, and Iowa Coach Lute Olson was called for a technical when he protested so vehemently. Foster sank both technicals to make it 71-66, and UCLA even scored four more points. Thus the misleading nine-point margin. Except for that, the call didn't hurt Iowa at all.

Though the Bruins handled the Hawkeyes, they're still waiting to put together 40 minutes of strong basketball. UCLA will improve further only when it brings its inconsistent control game up to the level of its devastating running game. The Bruins clearly must get a little more from Gray in the set offense. Though Fields says, "When you're seven feet tall, you deserve the ball just for being seven feet tall," it hasn't always worked out that way. Too often ignored by his teammates, Gray is averaging only 5.4 shots a game. Nevertheless, with the NCAA sanctions that kept them out of postseason play behind them, the Bruins have renewed enthusiasm.

"The guys who've been there talk about the Final Four all the time," says Foster. "We want to get the young guys keyed up about it. And we don't want to forget how it felt ourselves. Not for a minute."

1990



While Daye (30) stayed low, Fields went sky high for one of his 13 rebounds against Iowa.



Chrissie Got The Back Of Martina's Hand

After being slapped around for a set, Martina Navratilova overwhelmed Chris Evert Lloyd to reaffirm she's No. 1 **by BARRY McDERMOTT**

Martina Navratilova woke up hungry last Sunday morning, so she spent most of the day noshing on croissants, pasta, waffles and fruit. Navratilova likes to be hungry the day of a big match, because, she says, it means she has her nerves under control. On Sunday she had a lot to be nervous about, because like it or not—and she didn't—that evening, in the finals of the Toyota Championships at the Brendan Byrne Arena in New Jersey's Meadowlands, she would be playing for the No. 1 ranking in women's tennis for the year. Her opponent would be her archrival, Chris Evert Lloyd, the best unnerver of them all. Not this time. After Navratilova played the first set as if she had indeed spent the day stuffing her face, she used imagination, verve and patience to lift her game and win going away 4-6, 6-1, 6-2.

Without Borg-Connors and Borg-McEnroe, Evert Lloyd-Navratilova has become tennis' most compelling rivalry. Evert Lloyd has won 30 of their 49 matches, but since 1978 the series stands 17-11 in favor of Navratilova. This year in particular there has been little love lost between them. When Evert Lloyd walked past the Navratilova dinner table at the Meadowlands Hilton one evening early in the Toyota tournament, Navratilova said hello, but Nancy Lieberman, her housemate, spokesman and caretaker, didn't speak, a snub Evert Lloyd noted. "Nancy doesn't talk to me during tournaments," she said the next day.

Not so, countered Lieberman, trying to keep a straight face. "I didn't see her," she said. Later, a reporter asked Evert Lloyd if she and Navratilova were friends. "If you got Martina off by herself, I think we could be," she said.

Evert Lloyd knew Lieberman would read that one. When she was at Old Dominion University, Lieberman was the best women's basketball player in the country, and she knows the value of a headline stuck on a locker room wall. Consequently, she keeps a file on whatever Evert Lloyd says for publication. "I use the quotes for motivation," says Lieberman. "Chris is very shrewd. She courts the press and they fall for it."

Counterattacking, Lieberman telephoned Steve Flink, a senior editor at *World Tennis* magazine, during the tour-

namant and accused him of leading a media campaign to have Evert Lloyd selected as No. 1. "I assured her that nothing could be more untrue," said Flink. Navratilova and Lieberman maintained all week that Martina deserved to be ranked first regardless of how she fared at the Toyota.

"I wouldn't know what to tell Martina if she doesn't get No. 1," said Lieberman at a practice session. "She worked so hard and did everything asked of her. She changed everything, from her game to her looks to how she acts on and off court. Yet she's always an underdog. Not one statistic is in Chris's favor. Not one." Added Navratilova, "This isn't boxing. It doesn't come down to one much. We play all year."

Navratilova did indeed have a fantastic year. She won 15 of 18 tournaments, including two Grand Slam events, Wimbledon and the French Open, 90 of 93 matches and \$1,461,055. Her winning percentage of 96.8% was the highest since the Women's Tennis Association began keeping track in 1973. She has been No. 1 on the WTA computer since January and would have stayed there even had she lost at the Meadowlands. In one stretch she won 41 straight matches, in another, 59 of 60. Navratilova's only defeats were to Sylvia Hanika at the Avon Championships in March, to Pam Shriver at the U.S. Open and to Evert Lloyd at the Australian Open in December. In their two other meetings of 1982 before last week, Navratilova beat Evert Lloyd at Wimbledon, and in Brighton, England in November.

As for Evert Lloyd, going into the Toyota final, she had won 42 of 43 matches since Wimbledon. During the span, she won the other two Grand Slam events, the U.S. and Australian Opens. The only player to beat her this year besides Navratilova was Andrea Jaeger, who did so three times. However, Evert Lloyd defeated Jaeger seven times, and five of those wins were in the last four months. Evert Lloyd ended the year hav-

ing won 10 of 16 tournaments, 75 of 81 matches and \$689,458. In short, the first half of 1982 belonged to Navratilova, the second to Evert Lloyd—until the Toyota.

This year the tournament increased its field from eight to 12 and switched from a double-elimination to a single-elimination format. That meant the four seeds, who each received a bye, had only to win two matches to reach the final. Navratilova and Evert Lloyd hardly missed their hair getting there. Navratilova beat Wen-

Austin was plagued by several ailments, including a recurrence of sciatica and tendinitis in her right shoulder, and she won just one of 12 tournaments. Before facing Evert Lloyd last week, Austin beat Mimi Jausovec 6-2, 4-6, 6-1 and Jaeger 6-4, 6-4. But even in victory Austin looked rusty. She moved poorly, and her normally penetrating groundstrokes lacked pace.

On Sunday it was Navratilova who appeared to be rusty for a time, but in the last two sets she was a different player. "I knew I had to break her serve once, and that would loosen me up," she said later. Navratilova got her first break of the match in the second game of the second set, and from then on she was in control. Time and again Navratilova broke up long baseline rallies with stinging approach shots that set her up for winning volleys and with deft drop shots that pulled Evert Lloyd off the baseline. In the final two sets, Evert Lloyd lost 23 of the 30 points that found her at the net. "Martina slowed down the pace," Evert Lloyd said afterward. "But I think I let up just a touch, and you can't do that against her."

In the last set, Navratilova broke Evert Lloyd's serve three times en route to a 4-1 lead. "I kept up the pressure and let her know she couldn't win from the backcourt," said Navratilova. The end of the match, the year and any remaining question as to who should be No. 1 came in the eighth game when Navratilova rushed net behind her second serve for the first time all evening, and Evert Lloyd's back-

hand return sailed wide.

"I guess I can relax now—for a couple of weeks," said Navratilova, looking ahead to the start of the new year.

"I'm not disappointed," said Evert Lloyd, adding that because of her strong showing in the second half of the year she may play more tournaments in 1983. "I'm very encouraged, and I'm looking forward to next season." Put that in the file, Nancy. **END**



Chrisie said never mind, she'd come back strong in '83.

dy Turnbull 6-2, 6-1 and Hana Mandlikova 7-6, 6-1.

Evert Lloyd began with a 6-2, 6-3 victory over Shriver. Then in the semifinals she beat Tracy Austin 6-0, 6-0. That's right, love and love! Austin, who never had been shut out in her pro career, got only nine points in the first set and five in the second, and of those she really only won three, the other 11 were unforced errors by Evert Lloyd. For most of the year,

Don't Fool Around With These Cats



As a dedicated Christian, Curt Warner is practiced at handling temptation. As it does with any superior athlete, it comes looking for him all the time. If Warner happens to be taking a pitchout seven yards deep in the Penn State backfield, there's no problem. If he can, he'll skip-step one way or another to find an opening and then speed away, with would-be tacklers sprawled on the field behind him. If he must, he'll tighten up his muscled body—all six feet, 205 rock-solid pounds of it—then uncoil and sock it to the defense.

It's when he isn't carrying a football that temptation confronts Warner. It invites him to supplement his deeds with words, as though the deeds themselves are not proof enough of his worth. It is as if two straight seasons of 1,000-plus yards rushing (preceded by one 78 yards short of 1,000), the breaking of 11 single-season and 10 career Penn State records set by the likes of Lydell Mitchell and John Cappelletti, are less meaningful because Warner hasn't won the Heisman Trophy, because Penn State hasn't been No. 1, because Warner might have done a whole lot more if not for recurring hamstring pulls and leg cramps—if not for this... if not for that, Warner knows he could have done a whole lot more in his four years at Penn State, and he is very often tempted to say so, something he knows isn't right, especially for a dedicated Christian. At such times, the only thing for him to do is plant himself resolutely and go eyeball-to-eyeball with the temptation, until it is defeated.

This is all the more difficult because Warner, intelligent and well spoken, loves to talk. He's a speech communications major interested in a broadcasting career—or possibly the ministry—when an expected hitch in the NFL is completed. In the weeks leading up to his team's date with destiny—the battle for the national championship against unbeaten and top-ranked Georgia in the Sugar Bowl on New Year's night—Warner has been surely tried. *Wait for the game*, he keeps telling himself.

Warner at the Nittany Lion Shrine: "The lion is the meanest animal in the business."

Here he was, fooling around one day on campus at the statue of the Penn State mascot atop the Nittany Lion Shrine trying not to think about Georgia or New Orleans. In the gray cold of the December morning, the animal and the man seemed to have been sculpted from the same stone. Then Warner's face melted. Temptation. He tried to fight it off but

I'm going to steal his spotlight." On the following afternoon he outrushed the Heisman winner 145 yards to 85 and scored two TDs in Penn State's 26-10 victory.

But that was only the Fiesta Bowl, after all: no national championship was at stake. This year it's another story, and another test, against the 1982 Heisman

winner, adding 10 pounds of muscle to his chest and shoulders. He knew his yardage would be tougher to come by in the '82 season, because the Nittany Lions had graduated four outstanding offensive linemen—Sean Farrell, Mike Munchak, Jim Romano and Vito Kab—but Warner felt his new strength and determination would offset the losses.

The early result was bitter disappointment. Although Penn State won its first four games, it did so not on the strength

No. 1 Georgia may have Herschel, but in the Sugar Bowl showdown with No. 2 Penn State don't sell Curt Warner short by JOHN PAPANKEK

couldn't this time. Warner couldn't resist becoming playful. He scratched the mountain lion's limestone ears and said, "Tell me, if a lion was going to fight a bulldog, which one would you want? No contest. The lion is the meanest animal in the business."

"Herschel Walker is a pretty mean Bulldog," someone said.

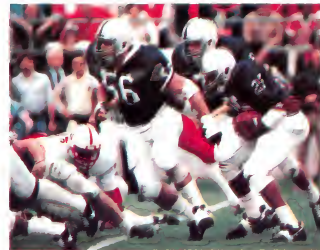
There it was: the red cape brandished. Temptation heaped upon temptation. Herschel Walker? Warner rolled his eyes. He coughed a couple of times into his fist. "Oh, yes, I've met Mr. Walker," he said.

And . . . ?

"I've met Mr. Walker."

A shrug signaled end of comment. But then he added, "We'll see on January first." Warner has confronted superstars before.

A year ago Marcus Allen of Southern Cal, the Heisman Trophy winner, was the butt. Penn State had a New Year's date with USC in the Fiesta Bowl, and Allen was the focus of pregame attention. Warner might be lucky to attract a reporter or two looking for a sidebar. Mind you, Warner had had big games of his own—238 yards against Nebraska and 256 against Syracuse—and had rolled up 1,044 for the season despite missing two games and half of two others because of injuries. Once he went so far as to say he felt "stabbed" because he hadn't even received enough votes to finish among the Top Ten in the Heisman balloting. But the reporters kept trying to get him to say something specific about Allen, and finally, on New Year's Eve, he succumbed. "I haven't told anybody else this," he said to *The New York Times*. "But . . .



The season was a sour one for Warner until his inexperienced line began to mature.

winner. Walker. "Yes, I've met Mr. Walker," is all Warner will say for now.

The lesson of last season spurred Warner to work harder than he had before: he wanted to gain strength and to avert the nagging muscle pulls that kept him from being all that he felt he could be. He forsook spring football practice to run the sprints in track—not to win but to get his legs in better shape. He stayed in State College over the summer, running twice daily and lifting weights rel-

of the running game, but on the passing of junior Quarterback Todd Blackledge, Warner's roommate and best friend.

In the opener against Temple, Warner carried just 13 times for 49 yards, while Blackledge threw for 203 yards and four touchdowns. In the locker room Warner was badgered by reporters. Was Warner disappointed? Was he jealous of his roommate? Did he think his Heisman hopes were dashed? He tried to contain himself, but couldn't. He was seen cry-

continued

ing. He complained about the coaching. Everything he said and did made the papers, and things only got worse for a while. Against Maryland, Warner gained 45 yards; Blackledge threw four more TD passes. Against Rutgers, Warner had 49 yards; Blackledge threw four more TD passes. In the Nebraska game, Warner finally got on track, rushing for 69 yards in the first half, but in the second his legs cramped up so badly because of the tight elastic girdle he wore to protect his thick thighs from muscle pulls that he hardly played at all—and the game was won with a last-minute miracle drive led by Blackledge and a touchdown pass, his third.

Warner was torn up and his relationship with Blackledge had inevitably become difficult. They have been the closest of friends for three years—“Curt is the brother I never had,” says Blackledge—and do everything together. They go to practice together, come home together, eat dinner together, play together, pray together. They are leaders in the Fellowship of Christian Athletes chapter on campus. The one thing Warner couldn’t do was let his own disappointment cast a pall over Blackledge’s success. “I’m happy that Todd had a great year this year. I really am,” Warner says now, though a measure of his own sacrifice is audible in his words.

“For a while, I was afraid I wouldn’t even gain a thousand yards for the season,” he says. “When you’re carrying 13 times for 49 yards a game, you don’t



Warner works to keep his upper-body bulk up.

think of yourself as a top-caliber running back. I really got down. I had set goals for myself and, one by one, I had to let them go. After the first three or four games, there was no further use in me even thinking about the Heisman. By that point I just wanted to have one good game—forget about a great year. I’d get to the middle of a ball game and not feel like playing anymore. There were times when I really, honestly doubted myself, everything that I had thought about myself up until that time. All of a sudden I found myself wondering how good I really was. What was going on? It would have been different if I had been hurt, sure. Then I would have had an excuse. But I had no excuse. I’d go to the sidelines saying to myself, ‘Hey. What’s going

on? Had I thought too much of myself before? Was my ability an illusion?’ That shook me because I had never lacked confidence since I was about 15 years old.”

“It was kind of a trying time,” says Blackledge. “We tried running in the early part of the season, but the holes just weren’t there, and I think Curt may have put a little too much pressure on himself, thinking there was something with him. He was full of doubts, while I had never felt more confident about myself.”

Although the team was winning, the two friends couldn’t discuss matters comfortably, so they discussed them not at all, creating periods of embarrassing silence in their three-bedroom off-campus apartment. “Curt’s the kind of person who doesn’t open up real easily, except with me,” says Blackledge. “But that was a time when he was closed for a while. He was happy that I was doing well, but he had to fight through his own disappointment alone.”

Seeing Warner sulking and doubting himself troubled Coach Joe Paterno greatly. Paterno knew long before the season started that, with an inexperienced offensive line, the running game would take time to develop. Because he had Blackledge and a number of veteran receivers—including Warner—Paterno decided to concentrate on passing, hoping that a quality ground attack would follow. At first Paterno thought Warner understood this, then he realized that he hadn’t prepared his star running back for the reality of the situation. “A lot of it was my fault,” says Paterno. “I should have sat him down and said, ‘Hey, Curt, you know you’re not going to be able to carry the ball too much early in the season.’” By now Warner has come to understand what Paterno was trying to do, and regardless of whether Penn State wins or loses the Sugar Bowl, the way the offense did develop can only add to Paterno’s reputation.

Says Warner, “Some of the dreams that I had kind of went down the drain, to tell the truth. But I think I became a tougher football player. Really. By the end of the season I was as tough a football player as there was in the country.”

Things began to jell, ironically enough, during Penn State’s only loss, 42-21 to Alabama. Warner and the run-

continued

A friend drops in to pour some breakfast java for roommates Warner and Blackledge.



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ning game and Blackledge and the passing game approached parity. Warner carried only 12 times for 40 yards, but he also caught five passes for 90 of Blackledge's 234 yards. Over the last six games, against Syracuse, West Virginia, Boston College, North Carolina State, Notre Dame and Pittsburgh, Warner averaged 130 yards per game, up from 52.2 during the first five, while Blackledge's passing yardage dropped from an average of 241.4 to 168.5.

The end result was a 1,041-yard season for Warner and a Sugar Bowl team with exceptional offensive balance: 2,783 yards and 21 touchdowns on the ground, 2,369 yards and 22 touchdowns through the air. "If this isn't the best team I've had here," says Paterno, "it's certainly as good as any . . . as good as the '71 team when we had Franco [Harris] and Lydell [Mitchell] in the same backfield, probably better." In the Heisman Trophy balloting, Warner finished 11th and Blackledge finished sixth. Along with the signal success of his team, what Paterno has enjoyed most this year has been watching Warner grow up. "People say to me, 'Why do you stay in college coaching?' You stay in college coaching because of guys like Curt. It just doesn't seem possible that in four years someone can come from being a big, wide-eyed, naive kid with a lot of enthusiasm out of a small town in West Virginia to where he's a very mature, confident man."

Warner grew up in tiny Wyoming (pop. 200) at the southern end of the Allegheny Mountain coal-mining region, near the Virginia and Kentucky borders. He was a year-round sports nut who could always be found with his older brother Robert—known as Pee-wee—at the school yard down the road from their home, playing whatever game happened to be in season. His was the only black family for 20 miles around; the Warners had been there for some 60 years, ever since Curt's great-grandfather, a Baptist preacher, moved to Wyoming from North Carolina.

Warner's "parents" are really his grandfather, Jim, whom Curt

calls Pops, and his grandmother, Lottie Mae. They adopted Curt and Pee-wee as babies. Curt's natural mother, with whom he exchanges occasional phone calls, lives with her husband in Cleveland. Jim Warner worked in the coal mines for 41 years. For 22 years Jim coached Little Leaguers, including Curt. Since 1978 he has been assistant coach of the girls' softball team at Pineville High (450 students), which Curt attended. At Pineville, Warner scored 89 touchdowns in three seasons, including 48 in his senior year, and Governor Jay Rockefeller tried to recruit him for West Virginia University. Paterno became sold on Warner while watching him play basketball. Curt was a star in baseball, too. Once a scout for the Philadelphia Phillies drove the serpentine route through the mountains to Warner's home, took him to a baseball diamond and got a friend of Curt's to throw a dozen new baseballs to him. Warner lost most of them in the woods behind the leftfield fence.

But Warner found baseball to be "too slow," and he was too small for big-time basketball, so off he went to play football at Penn State. In his first game, against Rutgers, as a freshman he ran for 100 yards, caught two passes for 71 more, returned four kickoffs for 109 and scored three touchdowns. "We didn't even know who Warner was," said Rutgers Coach Frank Burns after the game. "Who is he?"



Warner (top center) leads an FCA prayer session.

There are still a lot of people who don't know who Warner is, four years, 3,398 yards and 30 TDs later. And, among those who do know who Warner is, few know how good a running back he really is. Paterno believes he's as good as Herschel Walker—that name again—as do most of his teammates.

"I know how good I am and I don't know how good anyone else really is, O.K.?" says Warner. "I'm better than I was last summer, and my team is much better than it was last week, so don't ask me anymore, O.K.?"

But he's softening Georgia?

"Good team," Warner says.

He's bending. Herschel?

"Umm . . ." he says.

He's breaking.

"Off the record?" he says.

Oh, yes, an A for Warner, Curt, in journalism, that course called Interview Techniques, and off the record he unburdens himself.

And then: "January first. 'Round midnight. Ask me then who's best. Then I'll tell you. For the record."

END

Communications major Warner gets the feel of being before the cameras.



SPORTSMAN OF THE YEAR

He may be the most precocious athlete of our time. At six Wayne Gretzky was competing against 10-year-olds; at 16 he was dominating 20-year-olds; at 17 he was the youngest athlete playing a major league sport in North America; and at 20 he broke the NHL single-season scoring record. "I've always done everything early," says Gretzky.

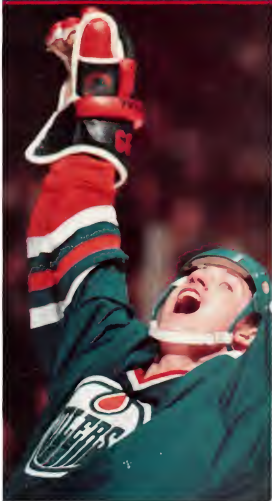
As youngsters, most athletes who become superstars are blessed not only with extraordinary coordination but also with other physical advantages, such as exceptional size, strength and speed. All they lack are experience and the insight that derives from it. Gretzky, on the other hand, has been, as Longfellow wrote of Hiawatha, "learned in all the lore of old men" since his early teens. His speed was average, his size and strength below average, but his coordination and aptitude for his sport were so advanced that by the time he was 19 he had proved himself to be the best hockey player in the world. Still, as he matured physically, there was more to come.

Last season, at 21, Gretzky put together a year that no one in hockey had thought possible: 92 goals and 120 assists for 212 points in 80 games. These totals are so far beyond the previous records that they're difficult to put in perspective. It's as if some kid suddenly hit 78 home runs, passing 60 by mid-August. Our sense of history was offended. The NHL's second-leading scorer last season, Mike Bossy, had the fourth-highest point total (147) in league history, but he trailed Gretzky by 65 points. That's half a season's work for most big scorers.

The last time anyone wreaked so much havoc on his sport's record book was in 1961-62, when Wilt Chamberlain led the NBA in scoring with a 50.4 average, 12 points higher than the previous mark. Walt Bellamy, the league's No. 2 scorer in 1961-62, had a 31.6 average. But Chamberlain's feat was understandable. He was a phenomenal physical specimen, 7 feet tall, enormously strong, marvelous-

GREATNESS

Four of the best players in NHL history assess the



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supremacy of Wayne Gretzky BY E.M. SWIFT



ly coordinated. Furthermore, he had a coach who told Wilt's Philadelphia Warrior teammates to feed, feed, feed him the ball. Gretzky is as normally proportioned as the newspaperboy. He's a shade under 6 feet tall and weighs 172 pounds—and not a particularly muscular 172 pounds, either. Gretzky registered last in strength evaluations conducted by his team, the Edmonton Oilers, in 1981. "He tests very normally in other areas, too," says Glen Suther, the Oilers' coach and general manager. "I think he runs totally on adrenaline."

Gretzky certainly doesn't run on iron. When his blood was tested near the end of last season, he was found to be close to anemia. Yet there he was playing with a bunch of guys like Lumley and Kurri and Callighen—talented players but hardly stars—and taking us to scoring heights never imagined. Along the way this nearly anemic wunderkind-next-door shattered Rocket Richard's mark of 50 goals in 50 games, probably the most hallowed record in hockey. It had stood since 1945 and had been equaled only once, by Bossy in 1980-81. Gretzky, who sets up many more goals than he scores, many more than Richard or Bossy ever set up, got his 50th goal last season in his 39th game. Afterward, Richard, who seldom praises modern players, said, "I have now seen Gretzky enough to say that in whatever decade he played, he would've been the scoring champion."

Gretzky now holds 27 individual NHL records. Gordie Howe is next with 14. Gretzky has been in the league three years, and three times he has been its Most Valuable Player. (He played one season, 1978-79, in the WHA and was its Rookie of the Year.) Yet he has remained unchanged and respectful through it all, almost awed by those players whose achievements he has been surpassing. He's the young champion hockey so badly needs.

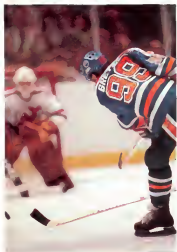
Bobby Orr sits in the upstairs study of his home in Weston, Mass. Ten years ago he

continued

GRETZKY *continued*

was hockey's champion, its wunderkind, although he didn't relish the limelight as Gretzky does. No one has ever controlled the flow of the game as did Orr, who's the only player other than Gretzky to have had more than 100 assists in a season. Now 34, Orr has been retired for four years, his astounding career cut short by a series of knee injuries. He represents Nabisco Brands, traveling around the country to make personal appearances and give youth hockey clinics. With that curious loyalty that former hockey stars feel toward their sport—even if the sport has hurt them—Orr cares deeply about the future of the game, the kids. "How do you look after a house?" he asks. "The foundation. We're not looking after our foundation."

It has been suggested that Gretzky, like Orr, like many of the great ones, must see the game at a slower speed than the rest of us. You hear of butlers who can see the stitches on a ball before they hit it. Orr, asked about this, smiles. "That's too deep for me," he says. "I'm sure Wayne does things there's no darn way he can explain. I know I did. I remember one game I played against Montreal when the puck bounced into the air near the boards. I just swung at it. I didn't know what else to do. The puck went right into the corner of the net. You think I planned that?" He laughs. "You don't explain things like that."



"To me what makes Wayne different is the little things. Not big technical things. His strengths are fundamental. He's not real fast, but he's faster than you think. He doesn't have Bobby Hull's shot, but he shoots better than you think. He passes better than anybody I've ever seen. And he thinks so far ahead. There was one game last January, against St. Louis, when Gretzky was coming down on the left wing. The right wing had the puck." Orr pauses here, smiling at the difficulty of describing the play. He stands up and walks across the study to grab a hockey stick leaning against the wall. "The right wing passes Gretzky the puck, only it's behind Wayne," says Orr. "The defenseman in front of Gretzky straightens up. Only instead of reaching back for the pass the way the rest of us would have done [Orr now reaches awkwardly behind him with his stick, making himself easy prey for the imaginary defenseman], Gretzky keeps skating. The puck skitters off the boards and past the defenseman, and Wayne's looking back for it now. He picks it up and is on his way. I'm sitting there saying, 'That's what makes him different.' He keeps things simple. That to me was the highlight of the game."

"People keep waiting for him to fall on his face, but as long as he doesn't tire mentally, he'll play the game. That's my only fear, that he'll get mentally worn out. Wayne does many, many more things off the ice—appearances, endorsements—than I ever did. I did what I thought was my fair share, but it wasn't my thing. I just hope he has good people around him who are watching him. He's young and full of energy, and when you have that, you feel you can do it all forever. But hockey can't afford to lose its Gretzkys." Orr says this without a trace of bitterness. "Hockey would have survived the last three years without him; hockey will always survive. But if Wayne is influencing the hundreds of thousands, the millions of kids that I think he is—well, put it this way. Thank God he's around."

The NHL has always subscribed to the theory that violence sells. Indeed, it has sold. Philadelphia, the most penalized team in the league each of the past 11



seasons, also has been the league's top drawing card on the road since 1976-77. Inevitably, the Flyers' popularity has affected youngsters who play the game. Monkey see, monkey do. The results can be seen at any youth or high school hockey game. Kids, protected by mandatory face masks, skate around like little kamikaze pilots, sticks held at head level, elbows flying, the natural grace of the sport lost in the near-mayhem.

Enter Gretzky, who has averaged just 24 minutes of penalties a season in his pro career and who uses his stick solely to manipulate the puck, as was originally intended. Does that sell? In 1979-80, Edmonton's first year in the NHL, the Oilers were the worst road draw in the league, playing before 71.3% of capacity. Last season, however, the Gretzky magic took hold. Edmonton was third in road attendance, drawing 88.7% of capacity. The Oilers' last 17 away games were sellouts. In two appearances in Detroit, home of the hapless Red Wings, Gretzky's Oilers attracted the largest (20,628) and third-largest regular-season crowds in NHL history. And Edmonton led the league in road attendance through the first quarter of the 1982-83 season despite a middling 9-7-4 record. The fans are coming to see Gretzky. Artistry sells.

Says Orr, "It takes some time before the professional influence filters down to the kids, but it does filter down."

To the foundation.

By converting one of every four shots last season, Gretzky scored better than a goal per game.



When Gretzky comes from behind the net with the puck, the goalie better assume he'll see a shot

It's the night of Nov. 14, and Phil Esposito is in the television broadcast booth high above the ice in Madison Square Garden. Esposito now does color commentary for New York Ranger games, and tonight the Rangers are hosting the Oilers. Like Gretzky, Esposito,

40, was a center, and during his 18-year career he had 717 goals and 873 assists while playing for Chicago, Boston and the Rangers. Only Howe got more career goals and points. Esposito's best years were with the Bruins, for whom he had 76 goals and 76 assists in 1970-71. Those 76 goals and 152 points were NHL single-season records until Gretzky came along. In a funny way, Esposito had been expecting him.

"When Wayne Gretzky was 16, he played for the junior Greyhounds in the Soo," says Esposito, referring to his hometown of Sault Ste. Marie, Ont. "My dad owned a piece of the team, and he called me one day on the phone. 'Phil,' he said, 'I saw a kid who's going to break all your records.' 'Oh yeah?' I said. 'Who is this kid?' 'Wayne Gretzky. Believe me, he's as good as Orr was.' Well, I'd heard of him, but for crying out loud he was 16 years old. But my father's always been right when it comes to judging talent, so I started following Wayne. I never had the God-given talent of Wayne Gretzky. The only guy who had that was Bobby Orr. They're in a class by themselves, but it takes guts to recognize that you have that talent and dedicate yourself to it."

For the Ranger game Gretzky is playing on a line with Jari Kurri and Jaroslav Pouzar. Sather uses Gretzky with many different sets of wings, and it's a measure of Gretzky's remarkable skills that he can adapt to whoever is out there with

him. When Esposito set his records in 1970-71, three other Bruins rounded out the league's top four in scoring—Johnny Bucyk, Ken Hodge and Orr. Gretzky had no such supporting cast last season. No other Oilers were among the top 10 scorers, yet as a team Edmonton set a record for most goals in a season (417). Gretzky either scored or assisted on better than half of them.

In the first period against the Rangers Gretzky breaks in on goal, two-on-one, and threads a pass to Pouzar through a defenseman's legs. Pouzar, shooting on an open net, hits the post. "Did you see how soft Gretzky put that pass on his stick?" Esposito asks the TV audience. Later, when Kurri takes a shot from the right wing, Gretzky breaks immediately to the left boards. The shot misses the net, and the puck caroms directly onto Gretzky's stick. "Did you see what he did then?" Esposito says. "Most players would have gone straight to the net, but Gretzky knew that nine times out of 10 either that shot was going to miss the net or the goalie would kick the rebound to the left side. That's why he's as great as he is. He's so smart."

Halfway through the second period, Gretzky has two goals and an assist. Esposito sounds like a Gretzky cheerleader, and he doesn't have to work to summon his enthusiasm. He turns to Jim Gordon, the Rangers' play-by-play man, and asks rhetorically, "O.K., it's 4-2 Oilers, and Gretzky has three points. Do you say the heck with the fans and follow him around now?"

In other words, should the Rangers shadow Gretzky, a ploy that's often effective but is unpopular with many hockey fans who resent seeing Gretzky or any star stifled by a defensive specialist. The only team to have shadowed Gretzky successfully so far is Boston, which uses a young center named Steve Kasper for the job. Kasper was voted the best defensive forward in the NHL last season largely because he held Gretzky to a total of one goal and four assists in three games. In the two games the Bruins and the Oilers have played against each other so far this year, Gretzky has gotten only three assists. Shadowing is a trend to which Gretzky will soon grow accustomed.

"He doesn't try to be a one-man

continued



How to soap him? The shadow, Kasper, knows.



show," says Kasper, "and he doesn't have to carry the puck to be effective. It only takes him an instant to do what he wants with it. The main thing I try to do is keep him on the outside of the ice and nudge him early to get him off his stride, like a bump and run in football. It's no good trying to line him up for a hard check; he's too mobile. If you start lunging at him, he'll make you look ridiculous. One thing I'll never call him is a flouser. He wants the puck and he'll check to get it. Gretzky's a complete player."

"Gretzky's very underrated defensively," says Esposito during a break. "These people who say he can't play defense don't know what they're talking about. He knows when he has to be back deep in his zone and when he doesn't. He knows when his defenseman's going to be beat before his defenseman knows it."

Late in the third period Edmonton leads the Rangers 6-2. The New York fans, as coarse a lot as his ever graced an arena, are bored with booing their team and have begun to cheer Gretzky, who, shadowless, has been putting on a dazzling show. Suddenly he and Pouzar break down the ice two-on-two, Gretzky carrying the puck. He cuts to his left, in front of Pouzar and tantalizingly close to the Ranger defensemen, who both pick him up. Gretzky then flips the puck back to Pouzar, who has darted into the hole vacated by Gretzky's defender. "Look at him," says Esposito. "Oh my." Pouzar

skates in alone and scores the game's final goal. The Ranger fans cheer.

Artistry sells Even on Broadway.

Without much doubt, Gretzky's most shocking feat last season was his 92 goals. Even though he had scored 51 and 55 goals, respectively, in his first two years in the NHL, Gretzky was known primarily as a playmaker. He liked to set up behind the net and pass to teammates as they broke toward the goal, a tactic that opposing teams began to go to great lengths to prevent. "It got to the point where defensemen would go behind the net and wait for me," says Gretzky. "So last season I started moving out to the slot more, and in the first 20 games I started shooting all the time."

And with uncanny accuracy. While Esposito needed 550 shots to score 76 goals, Gretzky got his 76th on his 287th shot. He scored his 92 goals on just 369 shots for an accuracy percentage of 24.9%. Broken down, 22 of Gretzky's goals were scored in the first period, 30 in the second and 40 in the third—a testament to his remarkable stamina. In the playoffs the Oilers, who had finished second in the overall standings (48-17-15), were upset by the 17th-place Los Angeles Kings (24-41-15) in five games. Edmonton lost one game 10-8 and another 6-5 after leading 5-0. The defense caved in. Gretzky had five goals and seven assists in the series, or 2.4 points per game, only slightly below his regular-season average of 2.65. The next morning he flew to the World Championships in Helsinki, where he was the leading scorer with 14 points in 10 games.

"People said I was tired at the end of the year, and they thought that was one reason we lost to the Kings," says Gretzky, who last season averaged a whopping 38 minutes of ice time a game, killing penalties and working the power play in addition to his regular shifts, which frequently run three minutes apiece, compared with perhaps a minute for mere mortals. "But in that last game of the year, maybe the 100th I'd played that season, I had three goals and two assists against Sweden. How could I have been tired?"

Two nights after the Ranger game, on Nov. 16, Ken Dryden is in the stands at the Nassau Coliseum to see the Oilers play the New York Islanders.

continued



The greys on the Great One (from top): Orr speaks of the little things Gretzky does; Esposito announces that Gretzky is the only player who can match Orr's talent; Dryden says Gretzky has rewritten the book on shooting; Hull can't understand why Gretzky doesn't steer clear of checks.



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was the premier goaltender of the '70s. During his eight seasons with Montreal, the Canadiens won the Stanley Cup six times. His 2.24 career goals-against average is the lowest in the league since 1941. He retired in 1979, four months before Gretzky broke into the NHL. Dryden, 35, a non-practicing lawyer, now lives in Toronto and is completing a book on hockey. This will be the third time he has watched Gretzky play in person.

"The thing about Gretzky," says Dryden, "is that unlike most other great goal scorers, he's a real sniper—Bobby's another one—much like the Europeans. He doesn't miss much. The other great

he eventually conceded the top corners—because few shooters ever aimed there. He believes the predilection for the low shot may well have stemmed from the mid-'60s, when Stan Mikita and Hull were pioneering the curved stick and 100-mph slapshot. "A lot of goalies then didn't wear masks, or the masks were very primitive," says Dryden. "So day after day in practice there were tantrums and things like that by goalies if someone shot high. Their outrage was quite legitimate. Injuries from high shots back then would have been very, very serious. So with their coaches and goalies all yelling at them, players didn't practice shooting high. Slowly goalies' crouches got lower and lower as they tried to cover the bottom corners. That left the top corners more and more exposed." Which Gretzky has exploited.

The game begins, and seven minutes into the first period Gretzky sets up Kurri for a power-play goal that ties the score 1-1. "Everything developed so quickly," says Dryden, impressed with Gretzky's pass. "The puck didn't stay on his stick. Once you beat someone, if you move the puck quickly you don't allow him back in the play. He stays beaten."

Later, Gretzky tries the opposite tactic, skating down the wing and waiting, waiting, waiting for someone to break free. "He has an enormous sense of patience," says Dryden. "Everybody has a moment of panic, but Gretzky's comes so much later than other players." When he comes down the ice, there's a point when the defenseman thinks, "He's going to commit himself one way or the other now. When that moment passes and Gretzky still hasn't committed, the whole rhythm of the game is upset. The defenseman is unprepared for what might come next. It's not an anticlimax, it's beyond the climax. And suddenly a player becomes open who wasn't open a moment before."

Dryden is enjoying the game. It's fast

and crisp, with good action at both ends. "I remember when I played against Esposito and the puck went out of the corner, I always assumed it was going onto Esposito's stick, and that it would then be coming my way," he says. "With Gretzky, a goalie just has to assume that when Wayne passes the puck out from behind the net, it's going onto a stick and there will then be a shot. You can't commit yourself to Gretzky the way you could to other great goal scorers because when you can move the puck as well as he can, well, there's no reason to shoot very often. Which, of course, works to his advantage."

By the third period the Islanders lead 4-2. Blutch Goring, who has been covering Gretzky, has done a good job. By bumping Gretzky off stride, tugging at his arm discreetly, Goring has thrown him off his game. Several times Islander checkers have sent Gretzky sprawling. "I don't think he's going to get hurt often," says Dryden. "He's never really committed to any one direction, which makes him a hard person to injure. His body is always moving in a number of ways. In Orr, you sensed more power, more commitment. Gretzky will just sort of collapse in the direction you hit him."

There's a faint smile on Dryden's face. "He's a much better skater than I thought he was," he says. "He's just not a pretty skater. I never realized he was so quick." Gretzky is chasing one of the Islander defenders, who's trying to move the puck. "He's always pressing, but when you think of someone who's relentless, there's usually something very heavy-handed about it. Gretzky's almost spritlike." The puck is now along the boards, and Gretzky is circling in center ice, away from the play. "There's almost a will-of-the-wisp quality to the way he skates. He's very light. There's such a sense of freedom about him. There don't seem to be any constraints."

A light snow is falling in Edmonton on the night of Dec. 1. Gretzky has had one or more goals or assists every game this season, and tonight his two assists will pull him within one game of the consecutive-game scoring record of 28 held by Montreal's Guy Lafleur. Four nights later he will break Lafleur's mark. The streak will finally end at 30 against Los Angeles on Dec. 9.

Gretzky has picked up this season

continued



Plenty of tape and baby powder help Gretzky as control the puck.

ones—Hull, Esposito, Richard, Howe—were volume shooters. They were quite stoppable, but they created so many scoring chances that they ended up with a lot of goals.

"The other thing I've noticed is that Gretzky has discovered the top of the net. An awful lot of his goals are top-corner goals. Traditionally players were told to shoot low because of rebounds and because hands move better than feet. That's true, except hands have farther to move. When I played I was operating on a 3-foot-high net."

The goal cage, then as now, is 4 feet high. If Dryden played a 3-foot-high net,



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where he left off in 1981-82: He's running away with the league scoring championship. As of Dec. 18, he was averaging 2.51 points a game and was tied for second in the NHL in goals with 26. He had more goals (34) at the same point last year but fewer assists (48 to 57). Gretzky says teams have taken the front of the net away from him again, so he has moved back behind it, from where he's content to pass to teammates. "A lot of my game depends on how the other team is playing me," he says.

Tonight the Oilers' opponents are the Flyers, who this season have changed their style from a bullying team to a skating one. The game will start at 7:35, and three minutes before it begins, as one of the national anthems is being sung, Bobby Hull arrives. He's out of breath from climbing the arena stairs, but he's grinning, his broad, scarred face bursting with energy. He's also sweating. "I thought we were going to be a minute late, and Wayne would have a couple of goals already," he says, beaming. A friend, Bill Urzadua, has met Hull, who lives in Demorestville, Ont., at the Edmonton airport and driven him to the Coliseum. Both raise registered polled Herefords.

Hull, the first man to score more than 50 goals in a season, may be the player most responsible for hockey as we know it today. As great as Howe was, as great as Orr, Esposito and Beliveau were, they didn't have Hull's charisma. His style of play exactly matched his personality—open, dramatic, uncompromising and utterly joyful. People paid to see him play, and they departed feeling they had shared something pretty good. "A lot of times those Chicago fans left the rink as tired as we were," recalls Hull. "When it's a great game, you can't believe it when it's over, and you can't wait for the next game to start."

"I liked to entertain. I loved playing the way I thought the game should be played. I knew people wanted to see me take that biscuit and go with it." Hull is grinning as he says this, eyes glinting. His voice is raspy and full of laughter. "Wayne's got that same attitude. He

thinks of himself as an entertainer, and the more he entertains, the more packed houses he'll draw, the more franchises will be kept alive, the more players will have work, and the more money everyone will make. It's no strain on him to give as much as he does to the game, off the ice and on. Any strain is overcome by the joy of doing well. Look at him. He doesn't want to come off the ice. That's another thing that sets him apart. He comes to play every game. He likes to perform."

Gretzky is killing a penalty early in the game and steals the puck from the Flyers' captain, Bill Barber. Gretzky skates in by himself on a breakaway and takes his

feels sluggish on the stick. "I've noticed that when the puck comes off the boards, it's usually spinning very quickly," says Gretzky. "My first year in the league I didn't use any tape, and the puck kept sliding off the end of my stick. The cushion the tape provides helps stop the spin."

In the second period, Gretzky sets up Kurn for a shorthanded goal, and later he assists Pat Hughes on a power-play goal. Hull is laughing. "See what he did?" he says. "He gave it to Hughes before he ever saw Hughes. He knows where everyone is at all times. I could kick in 25 goals a year if I played with Gretzky."

"Hockey needed a shot in the arm when he came along. It needed a champion. People are again relating to hockey as a game of skill, because that's the way Wayne plays. We were getting away from that. Scouts had been forgetting about the goals-assists-points column and, because of the success of the Flyers, going right to the columns that told about total penalty minutes and size. 'Ah-ha! This guy's an intimidator.' So he's drafted. But now they're looking for goals and assists again."

Gretzky is knocked down for the umpteenth time but gets to his feet and, relentlessly, begins chasing the puck carrier again, trying to score the tying goal. Hull, still brawny and powerful at 43, is shaking his head, not quite able to accept this flaw in Gretzky's style, this penchant for getting knocked on his can. "I just never wanted to fail," says Hull. "I thought it was a sin to get knocked down."

Suddenly Gretzky slaps the puck out of the air and is stickhandling along the boards, looking for an opening. Edmonton, behind 3-2 in the final minute, has pulled its goalie for a sixth attacker. Gretzky is trying to make a play that will never unfold. "Just look at him," Hull says, grinning in admiration. "The puck is glued to him. On the two teams, taking nothing away from the rest of the guys, who in the hell else out there do you want to look at but Gretzky?"

No one else. He's sharing something with us that's pretty good.



By scoring a record 92 goals, Gretzky was a shoo-in for his third MVP award.

stick back, pausing at the top of his swing, upsetting the natural rhythm of the play. When he finally slaps the shot, it ricochets off the post and wide of the net. Hull winces. "I never liked to go in alone," he says. "Too much time to think about it." Then he turns, surprised. "You find yourself pulling for him, don't you?"

Gretzky is behind the net on an Edmonton power play as two players scrap for the puck along the boards. "He's not chasing the puck, not out in traffic where a guy can hit him," says Hull. "His linemates know where he is, and they can just blindly throw the puck behind the net. When the puck hits his stick it stays there. A lot of these guys have skinny little blades that the puck is always bouncing over, but Gretzky's got a big stick and a big blade, too."

Gretzky, as Hull did, tapes his blade all the way from toe to heel and then rubs baby powder into the tape to reduce its tackiness. Without the powder the puck



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Ruth's Falstaffian belly, Wilt's wingspan, the hightop shoes of Johnny U: The image evokes the man. On these pages are images that particularize sports luminaries of 1982. Who, for example, could forget The Catch by Dwight Clark, which would make it possible for all the San Francisco 49ers to have a share of the Super Bowl trophy?

PIECES OF '82

PHOTOGRAPHS BY BRIAN LANKER







According to St. Matthew, "The light of the body is the eye." With that light imperiled, Sugar Ray Leonard quit the ring.





Rickey Henderson's gloved fingers seek the base. Safe! Thus did he demolish the record for very grand larceny.

A person with dark skin, wearing a white t-shirt, is shown from the side, standing next to a large, circular gauge. The gauge has a white face with black markings and numbers ranging from 60 to 120. The person's head is partially visible on the right side of the frame. The background is a plain, light-colored wall. The overall composition is a close-up shot, focusing on the person and the gauge.

Can one quantify a Herschel Walker?
Probably not. "I've been called to do
something special," says the top Dewg.







Against his medals, the figurative laurels of his lifetime: Alberto Salazar's wreath from the New York Marathon.

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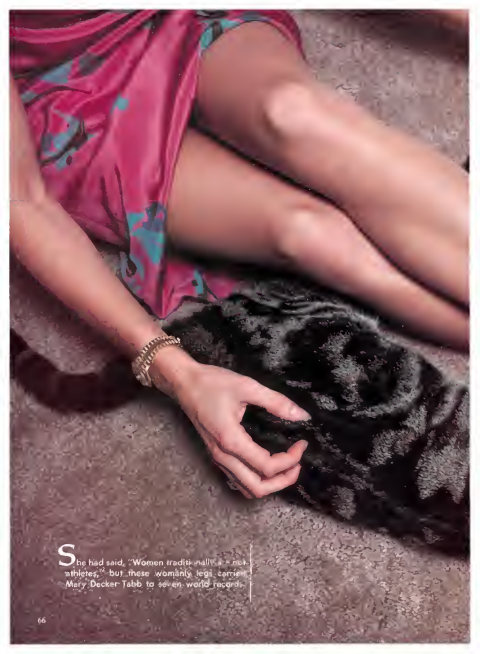
Teams can play dour or play happy. If Magic Johnson—he of grins and high fives—is on your roster, you get happy.



The Wedge. With it Tom Watson hit the impossible shot on the 17th at Pebble Beach that put a vise on the Open.





A photograph of a woman lying on her side on a grey carpet. She is wearing a pink and blue patterned dress and a gold bracelet. Her right hand is resting on a large, dark, textured paw print on the carpet. The image is a full-page spread from a magazine.

She had said, "Women traditionally aren't athletes," but these womanly legs carried Mary Decker Tabb to seven world records.







Some say his father's trade is brutal. At two months, Larry Holmes Jr. cares only about the love in dad's massive arms.



Campanelli (right) feels one emotional coach—he, not Thurston—is enough.

he finally got that interview for the head coaching post at Madison College, now called James Madison University, in Harrisonburg, Va., and he got the job. Since then he has lifted the Dukes to national prominence. Through last season his record in six years of Division I competition at James Madison was 116-48 (.707), and his 10-year mark of 189-79 (.705) ranked him 15th among active major college coaches. At the end of last week, the Dukes were 3-1, with wins over VMI, Maine and Virginia Commonwealth (by an average margin of 13 points) and a loss to No. 1 Virginia, by 17.

Campanelli, who is in his 10th year, is known for getting the most out of limited talent. On paper, the Dukes shouldn't have beaten Georgetown, as they did 61-55 in the first round of the 1981 NCAAAs, or have come within a basket of defeating eventual champion North Carolina, as they did in the second round of last year's tournament. "We're known as the guys nobody else wanted," says senior Guard

On the surface, Campanelli's New Jersey origins, Italian heritage and chalk-on-the-blackboard accent seem out of place at placid Madison, a former women's institution. But he feels right at home. "I kind of like it here," says Campanelli. "I've picked up some of the Southern expressions, but my friends from Jersey are all relieved that I still have my accent."

He also has his chutzpah. Ten years ago he was desperate for a head coaching job—even at Madison College—yet at the second interview in Harrisonburg he dickered with Athletic Director Dean Ehlers over salary. And won, getting \$15,000 for the 1972-73 season instead of the proffered \$13,000. His interviewers at Boston College were taken aback by the pointed questions—concerning team discipline, for example—he asked about their program. Consequently, the interview didn't go well, as even Campanelli admits. These days he uses that directness—as well as the considerable influence his winning percentage gives him—to lobby successfully with Madison's athletic hierarchy for such things as a coach's show on local TV. "Lou's strength is that he won't let the administration settle for second best," says John Thurston, his top assistant. "Lou doesn't want to understand everybody else's problems. That's not how he operates."

Campanelli can't help it if he has an air about him that makes him appear to be swaggering even when he's standing still. "I think a lot of people, particularly from the town, said, 'We're going to make this Northern immigrant get in line,'" says Brad Babcock, the Dukes' baseball coach. "Meanwhile, Lou was saying, 'I'm Lou Campanelli, and we're going to do it my way.' And pretty soon it was evident he knew what he was doing. So that shut a lot of people up."

But Campanelli has mellowed over the past few years. As Babcock says, "The difference now is that I can go talk to him after a loss without him throwing a book or a secretary at me."

Actually, when placed on the periodic table of Italian-American coaches—Rolf Massimo of Villanova, Lou Carnesecca of St. John's, Jim Valvano of North Carolina State, or al—Campanelli always has been relatively inert. "Out of all of us, he was the quietest," says Massimo.

Madison's Ave. to success

Coach Lou Campanelli has guided James Madison out of the boondocks

by Jack McCallum

One night about 10 years ago Lou Campanelli, then an assistant basketball coach at the University of Rhode Island, was sitting at a bar in Narragansett, R.I. literally crying in his beer. "Twelve years in this business and I can't even get an interview at Madison College," Campanelli said to Rhode Island Coach Tom Carmody and graduate assistant Mike Fratello between snuffles and sips. "Madison College!"

These days it's Campanelli who's making other coaches cry in their beers. Yes,

Dave Dupont. "I guess there's some truth to that."

No wonder that the 44-year-old Campanelli has become the designated candidate for a lot of "big" coaching jobs as they open up. At various times in the past two years he has reportedly been headed to Georgia Tech, St. Bonaventure, UNC-Charlotte, Seton Hall, Duquesne, Boston College and Mississippi. In truth, he has been interviewed only at Tech and BC; he took himself out of consideration for the former position before a decision was made and had already decided to turn down the latter when it was offered to Gary Williams.

mino, Campanelli's mentor and closest friend. "I've thought of him as a very passive person, very laid back," Massimino says this even though he heard Campanelli break down and cry for two hours on the telephone after a loss in 1980 to St. Francis of Pennsylvania eliminated the Dukes from the ECAC South playoffs.

Massimino, who gave Campanelli his first job at Hillside (N.J.) High School in 1959, counseled him to take the Madison post even though, as Massimino says, "It was a very obscure position." But no more obscure than Campanelli himself. The job had already been offered and turned down twice.

Today, Campanelli has the strong support of Ehlers and school president Dr. Ronald E. Carrier. A Tennessee native and an unusually down-home sort for a college president, Carrier often accompanies Campanelli on recruiting trips and has proved to be particularly helpful on visits to the Appalachian area. "He understands that mountain talk," says Campanelli. "There are entire conversations going on between the parents, the kid and Dr. Carrier in which I don't understand a thing."

The days are over when the Dukes can be considered sleepers. Or when Campanelli can cry in his beer over a lack of recognition. He has a new 7,700-seat arena to play in and a new four-year contract that was negotiated last spring plus his own summer camp and weekly TV show. A delicatessen near the campus even named a sandwich after him: pastrami and corned beef with tomato, mayonnaise, Thousand Island dressing and melted cheddar cheese on rye. And he recalls with fondness the sunny spring day after last year's NCAA tournament when he got a spontaneous standing ovation from a few hundred students relaxing on the campus lawn.

THE WEEK

(Dec. 13-19)

by ROGER JACKSON

WEST When officials of the Santory Ball round-robin in Tokyo learned that 7' 4" Ralph Sampson, the beau of the Ball, had the flu and wouldn't play against Houston, they despaired—but not half as much as the Cougars themselves.

"Several of the players were so disappointed that Sampson didn't play that they suffered a real letdown," said Houston Coach Guy

continued



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SI TOP 20

1. VIRGINIA (8-0)	1*
2. UCLA (5-0)	2
3. MEMPHIS STATE (7-0)	3
4. KENTUCKY (7-0)	4
5. ALABAMA (5-0)	6
6. INDIANA (7-0)	7
7. TENNESSEE (6-0)	8
8. LOUISVILLE (7-1)	9
9. MISSOURI (6-0)	11
10. GEORGETOWN (6-2)	5
11. IOWA (6-1)	10
12. N.C. STATE (4-0)	12
13. WEST VIRGINIA (8-0)	13
14. ST. JOHN'S (9-0)	15
15. SYRACUSE (8-0)	17
16. UNLV (5-0)	16
17. ILLINOIS STATE (6-1)	14
18. WICHITA STATE (5-1)	18
19. TULSA (5-1)	—
20. SAN DIEGO ST. (6-0)	20

* Last week

COLLEGE BASKETBALL continued

Lewis. "They thought they would win in a walk." Instead the Cavs, with 6'8" soph Jim Miller chipping in 14 points and five rebounds in Sampson's stead, walked past the Coogs 72-63. Othell Wilson and Ricky Stokes, the Cav's fireplug guards at six feet and 5'10", had 18 and 12 points, respectively. Wilson felt especially vindicated. "We heard that some of the Houston players were laughing because Ricky and I are so small and calling us Smurfs," he said. "We wanted to show them that we can play."

Houston's 6'6" forward, Clyde Drexler, held to a season-low seven points, was brought down a notch by the Smurfs' performance. "We had the opportunity to beat the Number One team," he said. "But we couldn't get motivated and I apologize."

Hapless Utah, whose coach, Jerry Parnis, said beforehand that stepping on the court with Virginia and Houston was like grappling with a pair of 500-pound sumo wrestlers, got squashed twice. The Cougars regained enough motivation to smash the Utes 82-57. Seven-foot Nigerian Akem Abdul (Jelly Bean) Olayiwola, who had just eight points and seven rebounds against Virginia, burned Utah with a career-high 30 points, 18 rebounds and eight blocked shots. The following night, with Sampson returning to score 14 points, grab 17 rebounds and block five shots in 22 minutes, Virginia beat the Utes 80-57.

MIDWEST After Tulsa surprised North Carolina 84-74 in the first round of the Oil Capital Classic in Tulsa, Golden Hurricane Coach Nolan Rich-

ardson said that 6'10" Center Bruce Vanley "really put a show on." Vanley scored 23 points and had 11 rebounds—and got lots of help from Steve Harris (a career-high 26 points) and Ricky Ross (20 points) as Tulsa overcame a seven-point halftime deficit.

The next night Tulsa got 15 points and eight rebounds from Vanley, the tournament MVP, in a 63-56 win over co-host Oral Roberts to win the championship. In the consolation game, North Carolina, 4-3 on the season, took out some frustration against Pan American. The Tar Heels had four men in double figures, led by Sam Perkins' 20 points, and pounded the Broncos 106-50. There was little consolation for ORU Coach Ken Hayes, who was fired barely 20 minutes after the final. Assistant Coach Dick Acres, the father of ORU stars Jeff and Mark, replaces Hayes on an interim basis.

Memphis State's 64-58 defeat of Kansas in Lawrence was "an sweet as granulated sugar" to Tiger Coach Dana Kirk. The Tigers led the Jayhawks 41-24 at the half. But Kansas roared back to tie the game 48-48 on a pair of free throws by Kelly Knight. The Tigers regained the lead for good when Point Guard Andre Turner sank a foul shot with 4:51 to go; 1:39 later he fed Philip Haynes for a score to make it 52-48 with 3:12 left.

Two years ago Oklahoma State beat Louisville on a last-second shot, and last week it looked like déjà vu time. But after the Cards' Scooter McNay blocked Cowboy Matt Clark's layup with 10 seconds to go, McNay caught the ball and hung on until Louisville's 67-66 win was assured. The Cardinals had an easier time with South Alabama, whipping the Jags 94-77.

Indiana's 48-46 win at Kansas State wasn't a vintage Hoosier victory; Indiana was despite shooting a miserable 42.2%. Missouri made quick work of Eastern Illinois, beating the Panthers 76-61 behind Steve Stipanovich's 21 points.

MIDEAST Kentucky made news off and on the court. Center Sam Bowie, still hobbled by an injury to his left leg sustained nearly two years ago, announced he planned to play for the Wildcats next season rather than make himself eligible for the NBA draft. Then 6'8" freshman Todd May, Kentucky's high school player of the year last season, announced he was leaving school. On the court, the Wildcats won their 22nd Kentucky Invitational title in 30 years, but not without an early struggle.

Kentucky weathered a poor effort to defeat Duquesne 55-42 in the first round. But in the championship game Kentucky got 17 points and 15 rebounds from tournament MVP Derrick Hord and 17 points from Minneapolis as the Cats beat Tulane 80-61.

Tennessee Forward Dale Ellis was held to a three-year low of five points in the Yols' 70-51 victory over St. Francis (N.Y.) in the

first round of the Volunteer Classic. But Ellis redeemed himself in the title game against Miami of Ohio, scoring 28 points in a 69-62 Tennessee victory.

Illinois handed Illinois State its first defeat, beating the Redbirds 67-60 in the finals of the Illinois Classic in Champaign. Earlier in the tournament, the Fighting Illini whipped Southern Illinois 79-61, while State beat Bowling Green 61-57 in overtime. Alabama got 22 points from Bobby Lee Hurt and 15 points and a team-record 14 assists from Elvin Whitley in an 88-73 defeat of Louisiana Tech.

EAST Georgetown lost its second consecutive game, a 62-61 decision to crossroads rival American, and though Coach John Thompson wouldn't admit it, it seemed his Hoyas were still reeling from their emotional loss to Virginia four days earlier. "We were just outplayed, that's all," Thompson said after the loss to the Eagles. Well, at least for the first 30:16. Georgetown trailed 49-32 with 9:44 left but rallied furiously to cut the margin to 51-50 with 5:02 remaining. "We were like a punch-drunk fighter on the ropes waiting for the bell," said American Coach Ed Tapscott afterward. But Eagle Point Guard Gordon Austin saved the day, scoring seven points in the final four minutes. The Eagles, however, didn't have long to savor their victory. Three nights later D.C. upstart George Washington upset American, 70-69 in overtime.

After thrashing Division III Ohio Wesleyan 98-50, West Virginia won its own Mountaineer Classic. West Virginia breezed by Georgia Southern 85-58 in the first round and then got 27 points, including a decisive free throw with 10 seconds left in overtime, from Guard Greg Jones, to beat Virginia Commonwealth 66-65 in the title game.

St. John's won twice, whipping Fordham

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

BRUCE VANLEY Tulsa's 6'10" junior center was named MVP of the Oil Capital Classic in Tulsa. He scored 38 points and pulled down 19 rebounds in victories over North Carolina and co-host Oral Roberts.

74-66 behind David Russell's 21 points and game-high 10 rebounds and Princeton 58-46. Senior Forward Billy Goodwin keyed a 17-3 Redmen burst against the Tigers midway through the second half by scoring on a breakaway dunk after a steal. In all, Goodwin had eight points in St. John's surge.

Syracuse got 19 points apiece from starters Erich Santifer, Tony (Red) Bruns, Leo Rautins and Gene Waldron in beating Ohio State 91-85 at home. Four days later Bruns got 26 points and eight rebounds in a 105-82 Syracuse win at Niagara.

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It not only tastes fresher while you smoke.
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Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.



A 14-year-old boy in Redlands, Calif., Tony Hyman, needed something "to put things in," so he obtained a dozen empty cigar boxes from a local tobacco store. "I noticed that most of the boxes were for different brands," Hyman says, "and I distinctly remember wondering how many kinds of cigar boxes there were. I decided to find out."

That was 30 years and 4,000 boxes ago. The labels reproduced on these pages are from Hyman's extensive collection of cigar-box art, many of the best examples of which have sports themes. The 43-year-old Hyman, who has a Ph.D. in instructional technology from Columbia, now lives in Watkins Glen, N.Y., and is director of a video/film library for schools and public TV. He began collecting by asking stores to save old boxes for him; after a while he started going house to house, ringing doorbells, in search of them. "I found that, on the average, about one in every three houses had a box. By the time I was out of high school I had 2,300 of

CONTINUED

Photographs By
Lane Stewart

ART THAT WAS



SIMPLY PERFECTO

CIGAR ART

continued

them. I'm culling my collection, trying to get it down to 1,000 or 1,500 of the best."

A choice old cigar box can bring between \$100 and \$300 today, although most go for less than a tenth of that. There are about 500 cigar-oriented collectors in the U.S. and Europe, most of whom, unlike Hyman, concentrate on labels or bands rather than on boxes. Hyman estimates that more than 1½ million brands were created over the years, primarily between 1860 and 1920.

Cigars had been all but unknown in the U.S. before 1800—pipes were the thing, then chewing tobacco—and didn't become really popular until after the Civil War. The postwar period saw tremendous commercial expansion, new buildings, new wealth, new culture. Americans were being transformed from an outdoor to an indoor people. Cigars had been the mark of the upper classes in England, and now American men wanted to smoke them, too. As Hyman says, it was no longer couth to stand around and spit. The boom was on.

Cigars had been bound together in bunches and shipped in barrels, but in 1863, to keep a closer eye on them for tax purposes, the Federal government ruled that they had to be packed in boxes. This act set the stage for cigar-box art, a uniquely American phenomenon. By the 1880s there were between 5,000 and 10,000 cigar companies in the U.S., most quite small,

continued



In 1890 this noted California-bred sire sold for the whopping sum of \$25,800.



Peter Manning's trotting record for the mile, set in 1922, stood for 15 years.



Lady Ryan was an obscure mare when she appeared on the label in 1908.

2¢
each

JOCKEYS

5 for
10¢



PICK A WINNER
The Leader of its Class

2¢
each

JOCKEYS

5 for 10¢

Around 1900 few cigars cost less than a nickel, but by 1941 a machine-made product was off to the races for far less.

BEN-HUR



Ben-Hur's fiery steeds charged out of a 1904 "salesman's sample," a slim, specially priced box of only a dozen cigars.

CIGAR ART

continued

distributing their products locally, and each had its own brand, or two, or three. When dozens and dozens of competitive brands were displayed in the cigar stores that were opening in every neighborhood, bright, lively labels were a necessity. By coincidence, the craft of color lithography developed at about this time, and most of the labels designed by commercial artists were lithographed in rich color and detail. Usually, eight or 10 lithographic stones were used in the process. Melvin Moller of New York City, a certified public accountant and cigar-label collector, says, "It was a remarkable process. The reproduction was fabulous. You couldn't do anything like it today. It wouldn't be economically possible."

Sports, while popular, were by no means the most common theme used in cigar-box labels, lagging well behind famous men and beautiful women. Even so, sports subjects were an ideal "point of sale" device, which essentially was all that a cigar-box label was, an advertising lure to catch a man's eyes and persuade him to buy.

For cigars were a man's smoke. True, there were women who smoked them; the Boston poet Amy Lowell created a scandal 80 years ago when it was disclosed that she was an habitual cigar smoker. But cigars were basically masculine. In the golden age of male supremacy in the U.S.—roughly from the Civil War to the First World War,

continued



MANUF. BY JOHN KAUFMAN, TRUMANSBURG, N. Y.

Riding to hounds was an 1898 artist's idea; the cigar maker added the name.



Was the point in 1910 that cockfights were big in Cuba, where the Maine sank?



Pointers, made in Pennsylvania: a 1902 example of the classic oval design.



The tweedy Anderson Brothers were turn-of-the-century cigar makers in Wisconsin, then as now known for its sports afield.



More than a dozen sports and pastimes, from baseball to ballet, are illustrated on an extremely rare label from the 1870s.

CIGAR ART

continued

when Victorian morals prevailed and women fainted in drawing rooms while men built railroads and cornered the stock market—cigars symbolized the successful man. Maybe he didn't actually puff a panatela while pulling a sweep in a sou'wester, as the gent on one of Hyman's cigar boxes (page 74) is shown doing, but there were few other masculine occasions when a cigar was considered inappropriate. Men gathered to smoke, donning special caps and jackets to keep the pervasive smell of the smoke from their hair and clothing. The ladies—God bless 'em, male chauvinists said, chuckling—separated to another room after dinner and left the men alone with their cigars, their brandy and their off-color stories. A woman is only a woman, Rudyard Kipling wrote in 1886, but a good cigar is a smoke. It was a man's world, in business, in sports, everywhere, and it lasted a long time.

Eventually, as with everything, the great age of the cigar ended. By 1920 the cigarette had superseded it as the popular smoke. Mechanization, introduced during World War I, turned out a cheaper cigar that all but eliminated the old-fashioned hand-made product. The cigar's status as a symbol of importance eroded. Cigar boxes were made of cardboard instead of wood. The number of brands diminished. Stone lithography had given way to photo offset. Smoking jackets went out of style. Women got the vote.

—ROBERT W. CREAMER



The relatively new game of baseball was gaining popularity by the mid-1870s.



Whimsical young pugilists adorned the Champions label from c. 1890 to 1920.



Croquet projected a refined image, the better to attract genteel smokers.



In 1912 tennis and golf were gathering disciples in the U.S., though neither sport was played with any kind of blue ball.



The charm of this graceful, detailed painting of a costume ice-skating party lingers a century after it was lithographed.

The date is Nov. 17, 1968. The time, 6:59 p.m. e.s.t. The Jets lead the Raiders 32-29, with 1:05 left in a nationally televised game on NBC. Suddenly, unbelievably, a network executive switches circuits, sending NBC's Sunday night movie to three-quarters of the country. The film is about a little girl who lives in the Alps. Thousands of callers berate the network, telling it to get the little brat out of there. She stays put. Meanwhile, Oakland scores two TDs and wins 43-32.

The little girl, of course, was Heidi, and the Raiders-Jets encounter came to be known, perhaps forever, as The Heidi Game—a memorial to the ability of network television to foul up. With a nod backward, we hereby offer our Heidi Awards for 1982. We'll credit the networks for exemplary work on sports broadcasting where appropriate, but more often we'll be singling out performances they should have pulled the plug on.

THE BEST LIVE TELECAST—Cowboys vs. 49ers, NFC Championship (CBS). Announcer Vin Scully's lyrical prose and Director Sandy Grossman's tight shots turned a stirring game into something approaching art. NBC's coverage of the "Kellen Winslow game," in which the Chargers and Dolphins battled into overtime in a playoff game, came in second only because of pedestrian announcing.

TITANIC AWARD FOR DISASTER AT SEA—To ABC for its coverage of the Brewers-Orioles game on the final day of the American League season. Director Chet Forte missed Ben Oglivie's sliding catch in the leftfield corner, which may have saved the year for Milwaukee. Keith Jackson and Howard Cosell mistook Ed Romero for Jim Gantner for five innings. Once clued in, Jackson left the impression that Romero, who had started, had just then pinch-hit for Gantner. To the lifeboats, gentlemen.

HEIDI AWARD FOR PERSISTENCE—To CBS for sticking with The NFL Today week after week, strike or no strike. I bet Dan

The Heidi: an award for all seasons

The best and worst on TV in 1982

by William Taaffe

Sophomoric in approach, it contained every cliché known to coach, pompon girl and Gary Bender. Cheesecake shots of cheerleaders prancing in the surf to the theme from *Chariots of Fire* were ludicrous. The Notre Dame Golden Dome bit was farrowing.

BEST LINE—By color commentator Pat Haden as CBS returned to covering college football for the first time since 1963 with a boring prime-time game between Pitt and North Carolina: "We waited 19 years for this!"

BEST ANNOUNCER—Al Michaels (ABC). Smooth, knowledgeable, well prepared and versatile, whether he's covering baseball in Milwaukee, football in Tallahassee or gymnastics in Zagreb.

HEIDI AWARD FOR APPLE POLING—To Frank Chirkinian, producer of CBS's U.S. Open tennis coverage. Maybe Chirkinian needs a limo or a bigger office. He showed so many CBS executives and TV personalities wearing network hats at courtside that you almost forgot there was a match in progress.

MOST GRATING CLICHÉS—"He's atop the leader board" (Don Criqui, NBC). "He's awesome" (Bender, CBS). "He dodged the bullet" (Jackson, ABC).

BEST COMMENTARY—Howard Cosell during the Larry Holmes-Randy Cobb heavyweight title bout. Cosell was roundly criticized for calling the barbaric pounding of Cobb pointless as early as the ninth round, but it says here he was right.

MOST BACKSLIDED SHOTS—1) The Blimp. We all know what it looks like, and we all know it's Goodyear's. 2) Unexpurgated low-angle shots of cheerleaders. 3) Baseball wives, especially when they cheer on cue.

HEIDI AWARD FOR OVEREXPOSURE—To CBS's Brent Musburger. He still hits 320 and drives in 120 runs a year, but like Arthur Godfrey in the 1950s, he's on camera all the time. Dear Brent: You'd en-

continued



ABC was skyrocketing when Oglivie made his key catch.

Rather wouldn't show up every night if the world ended.

BEST-EDITED TELECAST—Ironman World Endurance Triathlon in February (ABC). Included perhaps the most dramatic footage ever shown on Wide World of Sports: After swimming, biking and running a total of 140.6 miles, Julie Moss collapsed and had to crawl over the finish line, thereby losing the women's title. Her triumph of heart will stay with us.

WORST-EDITED TELECAST—The Class of '82. CBS's college football preview,



Everything fits beautifully. Including me.

One of the things that makes Skyhawk, the new smaller Buick, so appealing, is its human engineering. Whereby, the relationship between automobile and occupant is so well thought out, even people of extraordinary dimensions can enjoy its luxury and style.

A point made extremely well in the photograph above by Mr. Earvin Johnson, a basketball player of some note.

And when you buy a Skyhawk, how comfortable you are is very important. Because judging by the way it's put together, you and it are going to be together for quite some time. In fact, it's the object of one of the most

sophisticated, demanding quality control programs in the industry.

The elegant, efficient, front-wheel-drive Skyhawk. Like a whole lot of other people, you'd fit right in. Buckled up, of course. See for yourself. At your Buick dealer's.

EST HWY EPA EST MPG

46

28

With optional 1.8 liter I-4 engine and 5-speed manual transmission. Use estimated MPG for comparison. Your mileage may differ depending on speed, distance, weather. Actual highway mileage lower. Some Buicks are equipped with engines produced by other GM divisions, subsidiaries, or affiliated companies worldwide. See your Buick dealer for details.

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Delivers the taste of cigarettes having up to twice the tar

—Landmark Smoker Study



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined
That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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continues as
proven taste
alternative to
higher tar
smoking.

MERIT
Kings & 100's

Kings: 7 mg "tar," 0.5 mg nicotine—100's Reg: 10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine—
100's Mlta: 9 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Dec/81

© Philip Morris Inc. 1992

joy a ride in the park one weekend.

BEST PRODUCTION OF AN ANNUAL EVENT—The Kentucky Derby (ABC). A little lucky and a lot talented, Director Chuck Howard put one of his three isolated cameras on 21-1 shot Gato del Sol, who was 19th out of 19 horses in the first turn. Guess who won.

MOST UNKIND REMARK—Cosell, referring to Cardinal Outfielder Willie McGee during the National League playoffs: "He looks a little like E.T."

OUR FIRST ANNUAL SHAME-ON-YU AWARD—To WTBS-TV. Ted Turner's superstition, for allowing the NCAA to have veto power over its football announcers. TBS had to get rid of Pepper Rodgers and Paul Hornung when the censors from Shawnee Mission, Kans., found them unsavory.

WORST LIVE EVENT—The Fiesta Bowl, Penn State vs. USC (NBC). Sporadic from start to finish: You couldn't hear the crowd, the camera coverage rated a Zzzzzzzzz, and announcers Charlie Jones and Len Dawson seemed to take a New Year's holiday.

BEST SHORT FEATURE—CBS Reporter Pat O'Brien's backgrounder on Alexis Arguello's life in Nicaragua, shown shortly before Arguello's Nov. 12 fight with Aaron Pryor. Arguello confessed that he fears assassination should he return home.

BEST JOURNALISM—To Cosell's SportsBeat (ABC). He's still a voice crying in the wilderness—and asking the trenchant question.

THE HEIDI-HIGH AWARD—To HBO in the aftermath of the Arguello-Pryor fight. Instead of staying at ringside to check on Arguello's condition after he was knocked cold, HBO cut to a regularly scheduled movie about a werewolf that terrorizes plain old folks who mind their own business.

BEST SPECIAL EFFECT—Producer Mike Weissman's black-and-white machine-gun montage of baseball and American history preceding most World Series games (NBC). Our attention riveted to the set, we picked up more history each night.

WORST COMMENTARY—Tommy LaSorda on the NL playoffs (ABC). He bombarded us with his repertoire of after-dinner jokes. What we wanted was analysis. Clearly the front-run-



The belly-flop competition was a flop on NBC.

ner for next year's George Jessel of the Dugout Award.

BEST INTENSITY—ESPN's 6½-hour coverage of the decisive John McEnroe-Mats Wilander match in the Davis Cup quarterfinals. The main reason tennis adopted the tiebreaker was to satisfy the needs of conventional TV. ESPN proved that the old format, with its cumulative tensions, can pack more wallop.

BIGGEST SLIPPAGE, TV ANNOUNCER—Bill Russell (CBS). Once refreshing, he mumbles worse than ever during NBA games,

tunes out the action and doesn't seem to do much homework. If he doesn't care about the game he's watching, why should we?

HERO TRASH-BAG AWARD—To NBC for airing the World Belly Flop and Cannonball Driving Championships before a crowd of female sunbathers. If you've seen a 413-pound man on fire as he dives into a pool, you've seen it all.

MOST HEARTWARMING SHOTS—1) Georgetown Basketball Coach John Thompson hugging the Hoyas' Fred Brown after Brown's game-ending turnover in the NCAA basketball final (CBS). 2) Bengal QB Ken Anderson carrying his son off the field to the strains of *The Winner Takes It All* after Cincinnati lost the Super Bowl (CBS).

MOST CUTTING CANDOR—To Beano Cook, the middle-aged rookie on ABC's college football pregame and halftime shows. He mocked Vanderbilt (which finished the season 8-3), laughed at NCAA "brain power" commercials, derided Big Ten football and was invited back for next year. Good for ABC.

WORST PRIME-TIME PROGRAMMING—ABC's *Battle of the Network Stars*. This gets a 10 on our yecch scale: a pretentious vehicle that allowed Cosell to call sitcom stars "Baby" and to interview a Dallas Cowboy cheerleader.

Finally, lest you think us needlessly national, we present the first annual Heidi Spinoons for Boredom and/or Bad Taste in Local Sports Coverage. This year we award two spinoons: 1) To Stu Klitenic of WJBK-TV, Detroit. Last April when Jack Dempsey took ill in New York, Klitenic went on the air to report: "Former heavyweight champ Joe Louis has been taken to the hospital in critical condition tonight. We'll keep you up to date on his condition." Louis had died 12 months earlier, but that didn't keep Klitenic from subsequently getting a promotion.

2) To Vic Jacobs of KTVV-TV, Austin. Before the hometown Longhorns' football game with the Arkansas Razorbacks, Jacobs, wearing a butcher's apron, went to a local packinghouse, had some yuks over a few hog carcasses and showed some pork being ground into sausage. Chew 'em up, Horns.

END



CBS watched its own people instead of the ball.

TO THE LIMIT AND BEYOND

When the author began the second Great Hawaiian Footrace, he couldn't know just how far he would go to avoid defeat

BY KENNY MOORE





*McCormack (second from left) and Moore
(right) at the start of a day's run.*

CONTINUED

HAWAIIAN FOOTRACE

continued

I hated the tracks roaring by us on the highway, but McCormack didn't seem to mind.



"The struggle itself toward the heights is enough to fill a man's heart. One must imagine Sisyphus happy."

—ALBERT CAMUS

For exactly 21 minutes, it was nostalgic. We padded past the same cane fields and pastures of red cows and snowy egrets that we'd known three years before. This was the second Great Hawaiian Footrace, commencing last April on Oahu's north shore. It would take the 46 entrants of assorted ability, sex and motive a lap and a half around that island, then (and this was new) conclude with a lap of Maui. 18 days of running in all, a total of 500,000 meters or 312 miles.

Every day we would camp in beach parks, except for the four nights we hit Honolulu, when we would be lodged at the venerable Moana Hotel. Every morning we would load our tent city into vans and run from 10 to 23 miles to the next chosen stand of ironwoods or palms, the next sapphire bay.

But rumination on these blessings or even my smug recollection of actually having won the race in 1979, ended for good after three miles. John McCormack, 32, a fireman from

Brooklyn, took the pace from seven minutes per mile, which had been our average throughout the first race, to 6:30, and a couple of miles later to 6:00, and then 5:50. I ran a step behind him, the others falling away, and surreptitiously checked the times between mileposts. It is a long race. So even though the day was cool at 70° and the wind was at our backs, the pace seemed an extravagant risk. The eighth mile was 5:43. I eased and McCormack went smoothly on to win the 18½-mile first leg in 1:55:38. I was a minute back, feeling mildly betrayed. McCormack had run 15½ minutes faster than my old friend Leon Henderson and I had over the same first leg in 1979. In fact, Henderson and I had controlled much of the pace in the inaugural adventure. As a result, those weeks, in memory at least, were colored less by competition than by discovery. We had marveled at Hawaii's varied landscape and at vivid characters among the participants, not least of which was the race's originator, Dr. Jack Scaff. Competition is alien to Scaff. His joy is not to vanquish but to teach, to astonish, even if he has to make something up to do it. Scaff was running with us, talking a great race. The real organizer of the trek was his wife, Donna, who during the running parts of our days directed a loyal crew in

handing out drinks and ice from our accompanying vans every 3½ miles.

I'd felt a childish relief at returning the rental car I'd had for a week of acclimation. I didn't even have to drive any more now, only run and be given catered dinners, entertainment and free electrocardiograms. Well, not quite free. The entry fee of \$1,200 covered the food and lodging. The electrocardiograms were for those of us who were subjects in a research study on the effect of our mileage on heart enzymes. On four mornings we surrendered 25 cc of blood to Rudy Dressendorfer, Ph.D. of the William Beaumont Hospital near Detroit. As well, there were less painful nutrition and urine studies.

But the main worry now was McCormack. "I'm going to win it," he had said in a letter to Donna Scaff. "I was third in the first one, and that race showed me my potential for this day-after-day running. I've trained hard, and I'm going to take it to him."

On the first day McCormack had slowed slightly as it grew warmer, but he seemed to recover well, putting on a blue rain suit after finishing and staying out of the sun. My thoughts were more of myself. I had found that when McCormack was out in front and racing, no matter if it was the first day, I was incapable of not trying to stay close. This was nostalgia of a sort, too. I had run in the 1968 and 1972 Olympic marathons. In recent years, because of lingering injuries and the press of travel, I had raced little, beginning to imagine it a phase I had departed. Now I was sound and in fair condition. And, it seemed, the battle reflexes were still there.

Yet fitness and competitiveness wouldn't be enough. Unlike almost any other event since the transcontinental Bun-ion Derby of the '20s, the Great Hawaiian Footrace calls for hard running every day (an average of 17.5 miles). Thus its structure (to the chagrin of Jack Scaff, who hadn't imagined that what he'd conceived as a three-week running vacation would turn out this way) resembles bicycle races such as the Tour de France. But running is absolutely not like cycling in one crucial respect. Runners pound the roads. Cyclists do not. The shock fatigue that accumulates from absorbing about 2½ times one's own weight with every footfall prevents runners from being able to do the five- to eight-hour daily grinds of cycling tours. It is also why runners can train only about 40% as long as swimmers, rowers or other athletes who don't constantly slam parts of themselves against the ground.

Many runners, including this one, need one or two or three days of easy jogging after every hard or long run to recover fully from the pounding. The Great Hawaiian Footrace, because it allows no such days, presents a clear problem of managing one's own disintegration. "Our results from the 1979 race," said Dressendorfer, who has found the event an unsurpassed opportunity to study the biochemistry of fatigue, "show that once someone's legs are sore, they stay sore the rest of the way. There is no recovery from any



The details of McCormack's back would appear in my dreams: a birthmark in the shape of Great Britain.

breakdown." Even the two-day rest we would get after 10 days of racing, before we flew to Maui, wouldn't be enough to restore road-pounded muscle.

Every day was a race, but a race that couldn't be run so hard that it jeopardized future days.

We were at Mokuiea Beach Park. I swam above a beautiful reef, but I grew cold almost at once, the sea less hospitable than before. Jack Scaff's son, Jackson, 13, was stung by a Portuguese man-of-war and sat in camp fighting the pain: There were broad welts across his back as if he'd been whipped.

In cool mists we began the second day, sleepy, stiff, chuckling about Scaff's lecture the night before on how to deal with attacking dogs, a bane to runners everywhere. "They won't bite anything that submits to their territoriality, and the sign of submission is getting lower than their heads," he said in perfect seriousness. "So stop if they chase you, and crouch down. . . ."

By then he was shouting through a storm of heckling. "You mean I gotta choose between being bitten in the leg and being bitten in the face?" said Henderson.

"And what about cats?" yelled McCormack.

After three miles the road became the rutted, twisting track across Kaena Point. The deeper holes were filled with

continued

HAWAIIAN FOOTRACE

command

water. Black lava rocks rise out of the sea, and the scene is one of compelling severity, but I didn't catch more than a glimpse or two of it during those six miles because I was desperately concentrating on the footing. Five of us alternated the lead. Then I began to make mistakes, choosing the wrong side of a hole to skirt and getting hung up in the brush, sliding into mud up to my ankles. Once I went down, a rock chewing up my palm. I staggered onto the smooth road for the last nine miles in fourth place. Kris Krichko of Eugene, Ore., a fine cross-country skier, ran powerfully ahead. I decided to just roll gently in. Save it for tomorrow, a 23-mile day. I took shelter from the wind behind Don Zaph of Boise, Idaho. Then McCormack weakened up ahead and we caught him. I didn't pick up the pace but found myself alone in second at the finish in Waianae, where I washed off about two pounds of dried mud in the ocean.

We were divided into serious competitors, who would eventually be ranked on a basis of accumulated time, and "adventurers" who timed themselves and could stop their watches while they ate, swam or shopped. Sometimes three hours went by between the hard races and these happy explorers who arrived with word of bittersweet-nugget milk shakes. While the field came in I lay on the shell-strewn beach and thought carefully about this McCormack. I had gotten my minute back, so we were even on elapsed time. If this were to develop into a sustained duel, I had to come to some conclusions that would let me take advantage of my strengths and minimize his. Again, the heat at the end of the run had seemed to reach him. His best marathon was 20 minutes slower than mine, but that was offset by his durability. In 1979 he had won most of the last legs, finishing freshest of all. Though I could probably run faster on a given leg, I would pay for such speed with successive days of vulnerability to injury. The strategy suggested by all this was to stay

close, if possible, and wait, and perhaps on a hot day to take back with one strong bite what he had nibbled away.

The dawn of the third day was clear and still and dry. "I guarantee you heat," said Scaff. We were off by 6:30, down the busy Farrington Highway. After an hour, the lead pack of five marched through 10 miles of cane fields, huge trucks roaring past our elbows. A wind came up against us and we all drafted along behind McCormack. Instead of sun, there was a cool, refreshing rain.

I should have been running second. But it was comfortable back in fifth in the lee of muscular Rud! Schmidt of La-Verne, Calif. I looked up with seven miles to go and saw the others had let McCormack get away. Where were their instincts? As we turned toward Pearl City, putting the wind at our side, I tried to catch him. I couldn't. He won by a minute, kept strong by the chill.

I sat among the 46 blue duffel bags in the beach-park shelter and rested, taking note of the pattern of our days. Already it seemed fixed, natural. There was the early hard run into not quite irreparable fatigue, then some recovery (which took longer each day), and then this planning, this observation of my fellows in the hope of discerning—what? A lesson? Or simply other patterns? I ran and then reflected. It was a rhythm that embraced the primary human capacities of action and thought, the body/mind split that has always seemed so fundamental to scholar-athletes and philosophers. This cycle was embedded in the mythic punishment of Sisyphus, the endless sequence of pushing his rock up the hill, watching it topple and crash away into the abyss, and walking down in its wake, pondering his fate.

We had only 14 miles to do the next day, from Pearl Harbor through Honolulu to Waikiki, so we waited until eight to start, to let the morning rush hour die down. Didn't work. McCormack took off after four miles. I used him as a wind-

continued



The look landscape varied, but as the group ran, every day the same people were ahead, in the same order.

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break, but to keep him I had to run hard. He ran on the right, on the edge of traffic. I hate that. My mind's eye kept seeing a cement truck, its driver blinded by the sun, collecting us on the grille. Whenever a rumbling horn sounded behind us, I'd hop into the ditch where the shoulder should have been. McCormack strode on unconcerned, apparently used to such things on Brooklyn streets. Twice trucks missed him by no more than six inches. Each time he turned and gave me an offended look, as if it were their fault.

It was hot. With three miles to go, he ran into Ala Moana Park for a drink. I kept going. I figured he'd catch up. He didn't, and I won my first leg of the race. He was only a few seconds back, but because of his pace the next guys were seven minutes behind. It was a two-man race.

On the beach I tried to make sense of McCormack's strength. His absence of fear seemed an example of how intense effort can cloud awareness of outside forces, even slaughter by truck. So was he therefore closer to his limit than I? I had no real faith in my reading of him. We were different people, the Eastern, gregarious, beer-drinking fireman so solemn in his run, and the withdrawn Westerner who seemed to fill with confidence only when on the road.

He was a good man, and I couldn't imagine our competition becoming so bitter that it would interfere with my affection for him. Yet we seldom talked.

I liked a little sun; he kept to the shade. We had different confidants among the field. We must, to each other, have seemed the archetypal competitors, the guys you always seem to have to face, very possibly better than you, a challenge to the ability to dig deep and the ability not to panic.

The next day was 17 miles east from Waikiki, over two tough hills, the finish at Makapuu Beach Park. The early pace was easy, McCormack liking to warm to his task, but after six miles he was in the lead and pushing. The head wind was strong, so I got on his back and let him do all the work. I felt small pangs of conscience at this occasionally, but it was a race, and he didn't seem to mind, never trying to shake me off with surges. We wouldn't have gone nearly as fast if I had led. My thighs were not sore, but pre-sore, so I told myself that if we went really fast, I'd let him go.

McCormack carries his arms rather high and they swing

across his chest in a relaxed pendulum action, balancing the long sweep of his legs. Even protected behind him I was often rocked back by the 20-knot trade wind, but he shoved through it without pause. His legs are thickly muscled for a runner, so he has a low center of gravity and terrific balance. He can run within an inch of a curb or guardrail for a mile and not touch it. In all of these things I am his opposite.

For two days we had run like this. For weeks afterward the details of his shirtless back would appear in my dreams. He has a birthmark, a small area of skin that doesn't tan, on his spine six inches above his waist, exactly in the shape of Great Britain. Liverpool is there, and the mouth of the

Thames, and a freckle for London. "My mother always told me that was a Christmas tree," he would say later. So smooth was his high-kicking stride that this spot never moved. It just shifted and stretched a little over his relentlessly operating back muscles.

After 10 miles he eased slightly, and I knew I could hold him for this day. The finish was downhill. I let him sprint away to a three-second win in 1:43:47, thinking that his work into the wind had earned him a moral five minutes.

I was sore that night. The race seemed more than ever a test of predictive, extrapolative powers. What would the effect be, weeks and hundreds of miles later, of decisions of pace and effort, following or leading?

Scaff had seemed to ignore the race up front.

Now, learning we were 56 minutes faster over the first 89 miles than we'd been in 1979, he narrowed his eyes at us as if we were possessed, and he was not sure it was healthy. He sat on ironwood roots with me, watching the last sun. "Why do you do this race?" he asked. He seemed almost upset. "And why so hard?"

I couldn't explain. When I spoke of the land, the people, the escape, it all seemed to come to muck.

"Do you ever think, 'God, racing through back roads in Hawaii, what a comedown for an Olympic marathoner?'"

"No," I said. "It isn't a comedown. The imperatives are the same in any race. I get in a situation like this one with John, and I don't think of anything but what is necessary to have a chance to win. Then afterward I'm amazed as you at what we're doing. Especially the destructiveness of the pace." He didn't seem much comforted.



We soak down and looked at each other. It seemed I could see his soul and he mine.

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I tried out when a spasm took hold of my back, but recovered enough to win the second leg on Maui.

Extrapolation kept right on going for me that evening, expanding to include foreshadowings of later years, of age. I had a career's experience of gauging levels of tiredness to summon for decisions in this race. But what would I call on to know whether it was better to kick and bite against the onset of decline or to accept it?

As an Olympian, had I ever regarded my running as an affirmation of vigor and youth, a denying of death? No, it had been a chase. The thrill was in improvement, in a discipline that was difficult. If there was defiance then, it was that I ran to set myself at a distance from the compromising mass. That aloofness was characteristic, but I was too full of life to think that I was opposing death. Death was myth.

Day 6 was 21 miles over the steepest hills we would run on Oahu. McCormack started slowly. I led by 200 yards at four miles, impressed at the good a night's sleep could do. But within a mile he came past, Krichko with him, at what seemed five-minute pace. I couldn't stay with them. The hills were making my legs worse. They beat me by six minutes through a cool rain. I finished in a sour, desolate mood. McCormack had the lead on elapsed time and he seemed to be growing stronger every day. I knew I was not. I had to forcibly remind myself that there were 12 running days left; one could not make partial-surrender statements so early, even to oneself.

Later, walking the Kualoa Park, once a region sacred to Hawaiians, a city of refuge for the hunted of the island's other districts, I found myself considering the athlete's way of keeping hopeful, of ignoring the odds. In competition you suspend disbelief. You go hard all the way when opponents seem out of range, just on the chance you'll do well.

Yet that is in contrast with dispassionate, logical behavior.

Yogi Berra's "It's never over until it's over" is sheer tautology to an academic intellect. It is sacred tenet to the athlete.

Weeks later, on the radio, I would hear Goose Gossett railing profanely against sportswriters, and the worst printable thing he could think to call them was "negative." He couldn't stomach their not understanding that players had to be irrationally positive. It's the only rational way to play. He seemed right. Writers seldom understand. But neither did he acknowledge that their writing and his play are on opposite sides of that chasm referred to earlier: thought vs. action, scientific vs. partisan. It seemed in that light that he was upset at nature, furious with the only universe we know.

I loved to run with the wind. We had only 14 miles to cover on the seventh day, and I was stiff and uncoordinated, but at the four-mile water station I was done gulping first, so I led. It was a level run, with the wind pressing on our right shoulders and the sea always near. It crossed my mind that as McCormack had gone hard yesterday, it wouldn't be entirely dumb to keep some pressure on him today. He slipped back with five miles left, and my aching left thigh and calf seemed to hold steady at 5:45 pace, so I got back 45 seconds, stopping at the end of the leg beside a field of apprehensive cows.

I was groggy the next morning, heading into a 20-miler, but McCormack wasn't. I wanted it hot. It began to rain. I had to let him go after nine miles. But he only ran out to a 200-yard lead, then hung there. The sun came out. I caught him through Haleiwa, with 2½ miles to go. We were like boxers, punched out in the late rounds. I couldn't get away from him. He couldn't get away from me. We finished together in 2:01.

After we crossed the line, we sank down, hands on knees. We chose the same moment to look up at each other. His eyes were so unguarded it seemed I could see his soul. And surely he mine. "I promised myself I couldn't have any beer if I didn't at least keep up with you at the end," he said.

"God, you're getting serious," I said.

The next day was our second passage around rugged Kaena Point. I felt so heavy-legged and weary that the object became not to break an ankle. He had 100 yards when we regained the pavement. I caught him quickly. I sensed his weakness and tried to muscle away in the four miles remaining. I had a cramp in my back from waving my arms to keep my balance among the rocks, but I tried as hard as I could. He refused to crack. I won, but only by 24 seconds. He still led by 2½ minutes overall.

The first thing he said afterward was, "That 22 miles tomorrow is going to be a son of a bitch." I took that to mean he intended to make it so. It would be our last run on Oahu. I told myself I would take anything he had to give, because then I had two days to at least partially heal. I needed them. My right thigh burned at the touch, even of ice. My left hip seemed to have some sand or broken glass in it. Oddly, I had no blisters.

Knowing what was to come, and having made some peace with it, McCormack and I had lunch together. He revealed his strategy: "When Kenny's down, you got to kick him in the side."

continued



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HONDA
We make it simple.

I warmed up for 10 minutes the next morning. The day seemed to promise heat, though Scaff said it would be wet. I had decided that if, as usual, McCormack wished to start with a couple of seven-minute miles. I would start with sixes and make him choose between his normal pattern and giving me a two-minute lead.

I got a pretty good rhythm going, that sense of everything meshing, and somehow ignored the traffic on the hateful Farrington Highway. At the 3½-mile aid station, McCormack was within 50 yards. At seven he was still there. I got a good handful of ice under my hat and kept on. Cane smoke hung in the air, and the sun began to tell. I was on 5:40 pace by now and running emotionally. I was using my special, prideful past. I was an Oregon runner. I knew what it was to cast off all fears and blaze the last part of a race or workout as if it were the last you'd ever run.

I looked back at 11 miles and couldn't see him. I had near spasms in my back. But this was the chance I'd looked for, to really get some time ahead. I worked the hills and rolling road through the cane, fought the traffic into Ewa Beach and had the energy to sprint the last 200 yards.

I was weighed and had lost eight pounds, going from 151 to 143 in the two hours and 13 minutes, not an exceptional volume. But I didn't recover very quickly. I felt pretty rocky, and I kept feeling it. Dressendorfer, a medical physiologist, had me drink Coke, water and beer, and then pointed me toward a canebrake to give him a urine specimen.



Dr. Hivao wrapped my leg tightly with sticky, black electrician's tape and an Ace bandage.

I have a vivid memory of pushing into the scratchy cane. The stalks were an inch thick and purple, and the russet earth was muddy, and the urine filling the plastic cup was heart-blood red.

I walked back to Dressendorfer, a little shaken, for in my 38 years this had never happened before. I gave him the cup. "We'll follow up on this," he said eagerly, the scientist aroused. I had more beers, four to be exact, and got into a pain-liberated mood, proud, in the perverse way of distance runners, of how I'd used everything. Measured by its toll, I'd elevated this race beyond even the Olympics. Henderson noticed my right thigh was misshapen. The quadriceps just above the knee was swollen and discolored, as if a horse had kicked it. Mere road damage.

It seemed almost incidental that the reason I had done all this—to gain time on McCormack—was successful. He had wilted in the heat and finished 13 minutes back. But he recovered quickly.

I wandered through a cemetery beside the road and picked pink plumeria blossoms. I got another cup from Dressendorfer and tried again. This time I brought him a specimen so clear it might have been gin. "Probably just traumatized bladder," he said. "I'll bet the pounding bruised all kinds of things."

I tried to swim, to let the little waves revive me. They rolled me about, cloudy water and bright green shreds of seaweed before my eyes, and almost drowned me. I was made to lie in the shade of a pandanus tree, on a white towel, and it seemed as if I slept, for I had the impression of having been in a lonely place for too long. But that was over. I was coming back.

There was a period when the discomfort seemed all right, justified by its origin, by my having been able to measure up to an old, hard standard. Then Scaff brought another can of beer and sat with me, impressed with my effort, admitting it was not of his world. I thought I'd get a second opinion on blood in one's urine.

"I'd say it means your system is cracking," he said. "It's a sign of impending injury."

"Great. Why hasn't this ever happened to me before?"

"You're older now, of course." He said it aggressively, with the sense of age being an equalizer, that which brings us all low. But it struck me then that this brute fact of all our lives, their being temporal, had been shown by my experience to be something not especially worrisome. If there was a lesson in these hard-racing days it was that you ran until you dropped, and then you lay under a tree with faint melodies infiltrating your consciousness and knew the rightness of everything physical having an end.

I let my mind run on where it would. It seemed, if any of this were right, that we only feel cheated of immortality when we are young and racing headlong. But when we begin to have intimations of that eventual tiredness, we may feel better. It isn't necessarily solace that age brings to bear on this question. But it is a harbinger, a foretaste. When I peacefully slipped from consciousness under that tree it was, in Updike's phrase, "death's rehearsal."

Other people sat with me, not as with the sick, but with a



The movement of the 46 blue duffel bags was part of the natural pattern of the days.

regard for what I'd been through because they had been through something like it. I was absolutely without self-consciousness and grateful for others being there to hear my silly jokes and homilies. Eventually, with some food and juice, I rallied. After dinner, when most of the camp began dancing happily to loud music, I sat alone on the beach and watched the sea, the flickering lights of Honolulu. I was withdrawn by then and almost lamenting the loss of that beatific state of exhaustion, wishing I could be as natural in other times of life.

Then I realized the idea of self-consciousness is simply another aspect of the thought/action dichotomy. Reflection on oneself, if it is constant second-guessing, can be paralyzing. Thought has to make way for action. Even to reach out to a friend requires the stilling of the whirring computer. Just do it.

I knew then that it will be difficult to leave the really hard running. Unlike writing, that most self-conscious of arts, it is the only thing I do with abandon.

After two recovery days in Honolulu, and a look at the spectacular northwest coast of Maui from our plane, we resumed. Physically, I was nowhere near rested. At most, I was in remission. The first day's run of 15½ miles on Maui began with each of my legs seeming to weigh 100 pounds. The first half was uphill. I led McCormack, whose strength was more and more in the downhill. Across the southwest flank of 10,000-foot Mt. Haleakala I broke away through hillside pastures and huge stands of eucalyptus. The last miles were undulating. My sore right quadriceps worsened dramatically. I favored it, pushing only on the rises, and was lucky to win by a minute.

"The days are running out," McCormack said. Our bodies were white with the salt we had soaked up in our rest. "Marganta salt," he said. We camped on the cushiony ground of the Tedeschi Vineyards, where they make a fragrant, airy pineapple wine. They brought out ice wrapped in philodendron leaves for our legs.

McCormack had to try to take back a chunk of my 11½ minutes. "Tomorrow," said Scaff, gazing at the offshore is-

land of Kahoolawe 3,000 feet below. "It's almost all downhill, and the wind will be behind. Probably hot, too. It's desert until Kaupo. We go to the church there. 19½ miles."

The only thing he got right was the distance. The morning was wet and the wind blasted us right in the face. McCormack began almost desperately, shooting away on the early downhills. My leg was no better. I let him go, mentally sacrificing five minutes, hoping that I could hold him in sight

when we hit sea level. But the wind and some unexpected uphills, and some hard work, let me catch him. All sense of keeping contact or of taking shelter from the wind was gone now. I would pass on a climb. On the downgrade, he'd overtake me and pull a discouraging distance ahead. But on the next ascent he would weaken, that strength of leg which once drove him through the wind draining away, and I would labor up and by. After 10 miles I crested a hill with a 100-yard lead of my own. McCormack would say later that I looked so strong he was on the point of coasting. But while he watched, I received an arrow between the shoulder blades.

To assist my arrhythmic descents I'd been swinging my arms and shoulders too wildly. In return I'd gotten a spasm in the center of my back. I cried out and stopped, let it ease a little, and continued picking my way down.

McCormack caught up at once. "What happened?" he asked, astonished, genuinely concerned. I told him. When he passed, it was not exactly guiltily, but he looked away.

With six to go he had a quarter mile. The terrain saved me. My back held together on the uphills, which I could run correctly, and I was very careful on the downhills. We had to curl around a foaming bay, the road turning to rock and dirt and rising, always rising. I got him with three to go; he cracked, and I won by five minutes.

"It's all over," he said when he came in. "From now on I just figure to run under control, to be able to go home in one piece."

"There is too much left to say that," I insisted. His was the kind of concession I'd felt like making when he'd beaten me by a mile on our sixth day. "We don't know what will happen to us."

We had really worked ourselves into a place of isolation. The land was mountainside right into the sea, the cliffs black and green, the ocean clouded with black sand. We bathed in a stream and camped in the churchyard. Cold wind whipped at the tent. A pair of beautiful horses walked through the camp, requesting apples. I watched the gray breakers, thinking that surely McCormack had meant what he said. By all evidence he was finished. But he should resist, I thought. Re-

continued

HAWAIIAN FOOTRACE

continued



Lying in the shade of a tree, on a towel, I peacefully slipped from consciousness.

sist if only for the sake of resisting. It's never over until it's over. Rather than relief at this improvement in my chances, I felt determined to run just as hard as before, to refuse his concession, to hold to the terms of the race.

We had a windfall day off. The schedule dictated a run of 20 miles to Hana, but at three miles 100 yards of road had fallen into the sea, leaving sheer, uncrossable cliff. So we made the day an untamed hike and sent scouts into the interior to find a way around. McCormack's police whistle signaled success. We helped each other up the slope and across a ridge and down, along hastily strung ropes, through a 20-foot chimney to the road. Then in congenial groups we walked the rest of the way, past waterfalls and newborn foals and into rain forest.

We passed the green promontory where Charles Lindbergh lies, and finally, being ridiculously tired by now because this walking business was killing, we were rescued by the vans, which had gone almost all the way around the island. They took us to camp at lovely Wainapanapa Bay, and everyone was happy.

The next morning we ran 16 miles along the famously curvy road from Hana, finding the rise and fall to be far more memorable than the curves. Krichko, out of contention but feeling good, got away. A three-mile downhill into Keane seemed calculated to butter legs. I eased, but not enough. I had twinges up and down both calves. Yet McCormack finished 10 minutes behind me. A man of his word. I now had a 27-minute lead with four days to go.

The next day would be 20.7 miles. Then we'd finish with legs of 10, 14 and 10 miles. The thing to do was dog the long one and save something for the last three. Trotting around before the start I had wrong feelings in the left hip and both calves, morning twinges.

McCormack and Krichko set a solid pace. It was wet and cool. McCormack wore his cap that said F.D.N.Y.—THE BRAVEST. As the group strung out, Rick Landau, of New York, said, "Every day it's the same. The same people ahead, the same order."

I got warm and ran in third, trying to relax and banish the nagging worry that filled me whenever McCormack was ahead. The road's pattern was constant, uphill to the crest of one of the great green headlands that jut into the Pacific on

Mau's north shore, then down into a new valley, across the stream at its back, then up and out, to the next crest and the sight of a new valley, the runners ahead already climbing out of it.

Within three miles my right calf was catching, first on the uphill when it had to stretch, soon on the downhill. On a rough patch the calf went with a jolt, making me leap and call out, startling birds from the forest. I kept on, emotionally charged, understanding that my shouting when the pain speared the leg was a sign that the last reserves had come forth. This was an echo of the Olympic marathon in 1972, in which I'd gone

from second place to fourth in the last five miles, losing a medal. It had been a cramp in my leg then, too.

By the second and station I was down to hobbling nine- or 10-minute miles, McCormack would need only 10 miles to take all of my 27 minutes.

Our field began to pass. Bob Hotel, a track coach from Manhattan Beach, Calif., said, "Now I know there is injustice in the world."

He was gone before that registered. "No," I said to the cliffs, "this is the playing out of natural law."

Dick Smith, of Eugene, passed and said, "Think of next week, next month. Don't hurt yourself."

"I won't," I said. But I knew I would.

At the 10-mile and station, Russell Wilbur, a large and tender Hawaiian who was one of the support staff, gave me a Coke. I told him it looked like I was going to have to walk. I had never done that in a race before.

"But," he said, "you are not going to quit."

I shook my head, and I walked.

It was like slowing down had been, a temporary relief. Soon the calf was in constant cramp, from the back of the knee to the Achilles tendon. It was hard to limp uphill. Most of the field had passed. The sun came out.

I timed myself between mileposts. Eighteen minutes. Three-and-a-third miles an hour. At that rate, I'd be done in about five hours. At 12 miles, Dr. Harry Hlavac, our podiatrist, who had passed earlier, was at an aid station. He'd rummaged through people's belongings, but had found only a roll of electrician's tape. I sat on a cooler and he iced my calf, dried it, wrapped it with that sticky, black friction tape and put an Ace bandage around it all. "Might help," he said a bit dubiously.

I went on. It was a little better. The tight wrap kept me from stretching to the point where it seized.

There was a lot of thought in there, to fill the sour hollow of a race now lost. I felt more alone than when running, yanked out of my familiar element. I wished for a friend left at home. I lectured myself for that. Why have two people suffer instead of one? But I still wished for her.

The basic lesson presented itself with every step. I'd judged all the elements, the distance, the resilience of my legs, the hills, the pace, the heat, the competition. And I'd

continued

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made a mistake. Somewhere back there, on the prideful day before the rest interval, or in whipping McCormack over the last three miles of the run to Kaupo Church, or in not easing along with him yesterday, the day I'd had calf twinges, I'd done too much. "That's easy to accept," I said aloud. "It's the pain of the consequences that's all out of proportion."

But it wasn't easy to accept, in part because it wasn't the infirm body that lost the race. That had proved itself worthy of victory. It was the infirm mind, making the adolescent athlete's mistake, letting wishful thinking replace the conclusions gained through 23 years of observation. I had made a greedy mistake, overstepping known bounds, and the punishment was somehow inevitably, naturally steep. This had been Sisyphus' sin, too. Later I looked it up to be sure. After he died, he'd won permission from Pluto to return temporarily to earth from the underworld, to chastise his wife. But when he was on earth again, he loved it so much he refused to go back. "Many years more he lived facing the curve of the gulf, the sparkling sea," wrote Camus in his classic essay on the myth. Finally Mercury came and forced him into the underworld, where his rock awaited: "the price that must be paid for the passions of this earth."

And that price is the greater for one's being fully conscious of it. I seemed a literal Sisyphus for a time, temporarily done straining. I recalled, almost involuntarily, splendid races and had ones, but nothing like this. "This really is a comedown," I thought. For a while I was cold. "A face that toils so close to stones is already stone itself," Camus continued. "When the call of happiness becomes too insistent, it happens that melancholy rises in man's heart. This is the rock's victory. This is the rock." All we can offer in opposition is our will. We decide how to react to our punishment.

There were still one or two people behind me, our pure walkers, our injured-for-the-duration. I thought of them. They did this every day. There are different worlds. I thought of special Olympians, of wheelchair marathoners, of the choices of a man like Terry Fox. And I realized, slowly, grudgingly, that I'd been spoiled by a life of strength. There is nothing inherently horrible about walking 13 miles on a sunny day in Hawaii, even with a sore leg. It was simply the wrenching transition from running well that saddened me.

Accepting that, I was not uplifted, but the worst was over.

The land changed, the jungle hills giving way to cane and pineapple. With a mile to go, Don Zaph and Slick Chapman brought me a Coke. They explained every few hundred yards that there wasn't far to go.

We mounted a hill and saw a crowd of tanned people ahead. I walked in, making a show of stopping my watch (4:55:01). McCormack was there, and we hung on to each other. He had had to walk on the uphill the last five miles.

"You were the smart one," I said.

"It takes the satisfaction out of it to have it happen like this," he said. But we both knew it could happen no other way. Later, it occurred to me that he had won the race by conceding the race.

The last three days seemed to loom as a new career in walking, but the calf, diagnosed by Hlavee to have strains and tears all along the medial part of the gastrocnemius, improved considerably, and I was able to cover most of the distance in a sort of hunched trot, though I fell to fifth place overall. We rode a catamaran back to Honolulu from Lahaina, the flying fish skittering in the sun, porpoises escorting us past Diamond Head.

There was a party and an award ceremony that night at the Scuffs' home. McCormack accepted his trophy rather gravely, saying, "It was a bittersweet experience. Sure, I knew it would be run so hard that we'd cripple everyone. I made it that way, and that's the way it worked out. But on the day that we hiked to Hana, I saw that there was more to it than white lines on a black road." He swallowed hard. "I'll never do this again, this way. Next time I'll try to take a part of each of the others into me, to know what they experience."

His seemed a natural and good reaction, the effort, damage and narrowness of the race producing an affirmation of a broader life. His was the traditionally mature response, the leaving of competition for richer relationships.

Mine was not. "Would you run it hard again?" was Scuff's question.

"Probably," I said, almost embarrassed to admit it to him. But as the weeks passed and my legs came back and I set down this account, I grew less shy about it. I'll run it hard. I know more about Maui hills now. And more about me. I am still not rid of Sisyphus' sin. And I'm not too sure McCormack is, either.



McCormack was there when I walked in, and we hung on to each other. The worst was over.

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First Person

by JOAN ACKERMANN-BLOUNT

CLIMBING A GLACIER CAN PUT YOU ON TOP OF THE WORLD—IF YOU'RE LUCKY

Someone with a queasy stomach would do better to gallop on a raging bull camel across a desert than to stand stone still on a glacier. A glacier, in its own slow way, has done more bucking, heaving, rambling, rocking and rolling than any creature on earth. To step onto a glacier is to step onto pure, concentrated momentum; no foothold is more exhilarating, more uncertain. A glacier can sweep through a person's mind, freezing out essential points of reference—time, space, your own name. There's nothing too big or heavy for a glacier to carry. Last August I climbed two of them high in the Swiss Alps. The first one, at 3,000 meters, prepared me for the second one. The second one, at 4,000 meters, resculpted my interior landscape.

I had forgotten all about dinosaurs, the Ice Age, Adam and Eve and glaciers until I went to visit my old summer camp, the International Teen Camp at the Ecole Nouvelle in Chailly, Lausanne. Though I hadn't been there for 10 years, I popped in for a quick hello; within a week I found myself all the way up there, twice, on two different glaciers, up in that part of the sky where they make the blue, where clouds sweep by and knock you off balance. Some camps, when you go back to visit, make you dress up in a sheet and sing your own poems out at the end of the dock. At ITC, a camp that offers every adventure any plucky adolescent could ever yearn for, they tie a rope around your waist, hand you an ice pick and point the way up.

To climb a Swiss glacier a person has to spend the night before up on the mountain in a cabin, sometimes with a bunch of Belgian Boy Scouts whose counselors make them sing non-stop, in English, songs like *When the Saints Go Marching In* or *We Shall Overcome*, which doesn't make it any easier to get

up at 4 a.m., as glacier climbers in Switzerland do. But the sleeplessness is worth it. A glacier won't let you down, if you're careful.

"Do you know how Trotsky died?" a handsome lad from Mexico asked me in the parking lot even before I'd gotten used to the fact that the dirty laundry in my traveling pack had already been replaced by pears, bread, jam and chocolate for the hike up the Wildhorn, an average-sized Alp of 3,247 meters in the canton of Valais.

"No," I said, staring down with pleasure at the red laces of a borrowed pair of hiking boots.

"Like this. Yast!" and he swung his ice pick down hard at the ground. The ends of my red laces jumped two feet. "See, Trotsky was writing at his desk and a guy came up behind him and . . . zap!" The boy handed me the pick and I put it over my shoulder to get the feel of it.

Any tool that can get a grip on a glacier could slip through a human body in minus three seconds and come out clean. A pick seems to carry a hand up the

flowers shooting pockets of bright color up through the grass.

The walk to the cabin where we'd stay the night was fairly easygoing on a gently meandering path, but when a foot is packed deep inside a mountain-climbing boot, each step becomes an event. A person who has walked through Topeka, Kans. in hiking boots has seen a different city from someone who has walked across it in sneakers; the person in boots has been somewhere. The sole of a sneaker would only skim the surface of a mountain path; the sole of a boot goes deeper, joining the calf muscle to the heart of the mountain.

"Salut les moutons!" someone yelled to a troop of sheep.

The path crossed back and forth through a wide, shallow river that we drank from. Glacier water is to tap water as English beer is to diet soda; it's full of food, depth, anecdotes. When you swallow it, you wait a second to see if something will happen inside. I sipped it at every opportunity—and splashed it on my face and down my back, which was sweating under my pack. After about two hours we reached a glacial lake whose extraordinary aquamarine color was disturbing to look at because the color was so vibrant, almost garish, next to the green grass. A few of us took a quick dip in it; it was like swimming in three elements: water, green and cold.

"Nice cow," Hanni said while drying off and patting the forehead of one of the cows sedately munching buttercups near the lake.

The cabin, the Wildhornhütte, 1929, is perched at the end of a narrow rocky valley. It's a square stone building with shutters painted red and white, matching the colors of the Swiss flag that's planted at every shelter in the mountains. It's a comforting patch of cloth that can tame the most bizarre landscape. Because of mist, we couldn't see the craggy peaks we'd be climbing early in the morning to get up to the glacier. We knew they were there, the same way a person buying a paper or admiring a pigeon on the sidewalk at 34th Street and Fifth Avenue



mountain and not the other way around.

"I'm the only Egyptian Alpinist in existence," said Hanni, one of the counselors, as we started up the path. "At least as far as I know."

There were four counselors on this hike: Hanni; Maria, a social scientist from Cyprus; Andreas, a law student from West Germany; and Patricia, a math student from France. The 14 campers were from Great Britain, Belgium, Italy, Sweden (two of the Swedes were of Korean extraction), Germany, Mexico and the U.S.—there were almost as many nationalities as there were kinds of wild-

continued



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After packing in great quantities of soup, meat, rice, chocolate and tea, we retired to the sleeping quarters—dormitories where thin mattresses are laid out on long wood platforms. A Swiss mountain cabin is a wonderful place to go through the motions of sleeping without actually sleeping; there are few circumstances where such uncomfortable conditions are so comfortable. The air is thick with robust exhaustion, fitful snoring, the aroma of wool socks, muscles in the making. The pillowcases are red-checked. The walls, exuding a wood scent, seem more adept than most walls at keeping the outside outside. If one actually does sleep, it doesn't feel like sleep; it's more a preliminary chairlift ride that transports some part of one's being up to the top of the mountain. It's not something passive, done at the end of a day; it's an activity done at the beginning of the next day.

That night there were wild thunder-

storms, almost as loud as the Belgian Boy Scouts had been at dinner, loud enough to get past the foreign elbow that spent half the night in my ear. When we got up in the morning it was pitch black and raining so hard we thought we wouldn't be able to get up to the glacier. But after an hour spent drinking bowlfuls of hot tea and talking with the Wildhornhütte's cook, a Swiss named Peter Zenn, who works in an undershirt and an imposing hat made out of a folded newspaper, the weather cleared and we took off.

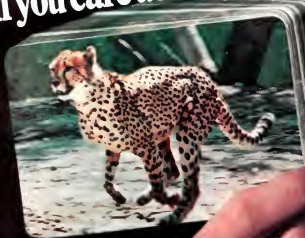
For two slow hours we climbed up a steep rocky slope, and then we reached the foot of the glacier. You couldn't miss it. Covered with snow, it was an immense sweep of dazzling white with little hills—rocks here and there swelling like dunes. We couldn't see the top. Finally we got to use the ropes. Ropes. I'd been wishing the whole day before that I could have had one tied around my waist—even in the bus—just for the feeling of security it would impart. (If a person wants a little more confidence during a job interview,

she would do well to tie a rope around her waist.) People tie themselves to other people on a mountain in case somebody falls down a crevasse or off the mountain. Usually the ropemates can rescue the fallen person, but sometimes everybody falls. (A week before I went to ITC, I spent an evening in Zermatt watching along with other tourists as a helicopter transported something dangling at the end of a long cable; it turned out to be the body of one of four Japanese hikers who had fallen together down the north face of the Matterhorn. The locals don't even bother to look up, it happens so often.)

The three campers I was tied to, at distances of about 18 feet, were very friendly, and the middle two were in love, their frequent conferences made the total length of our rope often shorter than it should have been. But none of us fell down a crevasse. We saw crevasses—gaping blue-toothed fissures in the ice, awesome cracks that would undo a schizophrenic passerby. We may have stepped on a crevasse without knowing

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FIRST PERSON continued

"Uh? Oh. Sure. Twice. I guess," she answered offhandedly, fumbling with the cord. It was hard to see. At four in the morning the only illumination came from the disc-shaped lights strapped to the foreheads of the Alpinists in other climbing parties who were preparing to begin their ascents in the darkness. If it hadn't been for what they were wearing below their foreheads (scarves, down parkas, corduroy knickers, wool socks, boots), they might have been a mini-convention of miners.

"Really? You have? What was it like?"

"I don't know," she shrugged. "I remember one time they kept dropping me little bits of chocolate tied to a string. Oh dear, I have to start again." She began the knot again. Clearly, being inside a glacier hadn't meant much to her. O.K. I would stop worrying about crevasses. I hadn't worried on the last glacier; why should I worry on this one just because it was at a greater altitude?

It was freezing. Even the stars, brighter than usual, looked cold. Hunched over, with their ice picks resting on their shoulders, the shadowy figures of the Alpinists looked like gnomes preparing to tromp down into the mines. Every now and then four or five of them would strike off tied together; way in the distance tiny strings of white lights flickered as they slowly climbed. It didn't seem as though anybody was doing any of this for fun; the atmosphere was solemn, almost religious. It made me nervous.

"Did I tell you they found my grandfather?" said Francine. "Ah, I've almost got it now."

"No. Was he lost?"

"Thirty-one years ago he fell into a crevasse; he'd always refused to use ropes. I was only one year old. They told my mother at the time that he'd probably turn up in 30 to 50 years, and, sure enough last month a guide found him on an expedition."

"Uh... how was he?"

"Fine."

"Fine?"

"Perfectly preserved. His body had sunk 1,000 meters and drifted 12 kilometers down the valley. They even found a metro ticket in his pocket, good from Ouchy to Lausanne." She laughed. "There! We're all set."

We were all set—except for that part of my mind which was tumbling down the new crevasse in my heart.

"Yeah, but Francine," I yelled up to

her an hour later. It was still dark, and we had already crossed one formidable crevasse over a little footbridge of snow. " weren't you at all surprised when they found your grandfather? I mean, don't you think that's pretty amazing after 31 years?"

"Mais non," she yelled back down. "C'est normal!" which is how the Swiss French describe anything that seems perfectly natural.

I didn't say anything. The puttness of my voice had alarmed me. Also, it occurred to me that a) she would have thought it strange if he hadn't turned up, and b) there were plenty of people back home who wouldn't consider hiking up a glacier at four in the morning normal.

We pressed onward and upward in the dark. The only sounds I heard were the crunching of my boots in the snow and the crunching of my headache in the raw bitter-cold wind. (I had been much too excited about climbing up to 4,000 meters to sleep at all.) The tip of my nose was dead. The hot tea I'd brought in my canteen had frozen solid. My feet ached in their new boots—we'd hiked six hours the day before to get up to the cabin. My unsettled stomach was getting more unsettled dreading the 3,800-meter altitude we would soon reach, the height where people—if they are going to get sick from the thin air and vomit or pass out—tend to get sick. My thigh muscles felt heavy enough to rip loose and drop like sand bags down through my feet through the mountain.

But all my aches and fears vanished the instant I turned around and noticed the sun coming up. Lord, if a mind that had spent 31 years suspended in the frozen grip of a glacier had suddenly been broiled awake and regained consciousness, it wouldn't have been more startled. All the sunrises I've ever seen in my life might as well have been made out of construction paper compared with that sunrise. And we were on top of it; we were on top of the morning. Suddenly I felt a pull around my waist. My ropemates, who had stopped to indulge my daydreaming, wanted to get going. With a renewed vigor, as if the sun were pushing me up from behind, I grabbed hold of the rope and started walking. I didn't worry anymore about what I was standing on; I knew that the top of this glacier, although it might be as treacherous as the middle of a frozen lake, would offer me a whole new view point.

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PERSPECTIVE

by RAY LOVETT

HERE'S A SWITCHEROO—A COACH WHO CONCLUDES WINNING ISN'T ANYTHING

When Zimmer called with the invitation, I sensed that it was a moment that would change my life.

"Listen, there's a whole group of third-grade boys in your neighborhood that need you, lots of kids, lots of interest. All they need is you."

"Me? For what?"

"To coach. Basketball. Will you coach the third-grade team?"

"Third grade? They're too small for basketball."

"Not these kids. Lots of interest, lots of kids," he repeated his hype.

"How many games?" I asked, weakening already.

"Eight, and eight practices."

"Hmm. I'll think about it. But I don't think so. It takes too much time."

I hung up. Staring at the phone I envisioned a scene 15 years hence: The NCAA final has just ended. Al McGuire interviews the leading scorer for UCLA, who is paying tribute to his very first coach, the Pee-wee Wizard Ray Lovett. Tears form as I watch on TV in my den, surrounded by my present team of third-graders and the trophies that are testimony to my genius.

As the fantasy faded, I wondered why Zimmer called. Someone must have told him about my basketball career: high school star, a scholarship to Fairfield University. But who? My wife? Unlikely. One of those kids from the local recreation league? "That guy with the gray hair knows his stuff," I hear one say.

When I called Zimmer to accept I inquired why he had asked me.

"I heard about you."

"You did?" I clamored in anticipation.

"From a couple of sources."

"That kid that hangs around the court, tall and skinny, was he one?" I asked.

"No, no kid. The neighbors told me."

"Did they? The neighbors? Who?"

"Station wagon," said Zimmer.

"What?"

"Station wagon. The neighbors said you had a wagon. You do own a station wagon, don't you?"

"Yes, but what has..."

"Oh, good. You're the only father in

the neighborhood with a station wagon."

Ego deflated, I considered resigning, but I had already told my son I was going to be his coach.

Zimmer's "lots of kids, lots of interest" translated into two kids who had already signed up, and my own. When I called the first, his mother said he had changed his mind. The second was interested. "Great," I shouted. I only needed 10 more players.

I got on the phone to likely parents.

"No, thank you. The soccer coach was too hard on him. We're taking a break from coaches."

"Not this year, call us next year."

"And who are you to be coaching my son?"

Undaunted, I kept calling, eventually dipping down to recruit six second-graders for our third-grade team. Later on, those kids would provide the balm in an ocean of ache.

I sent out warm letters to my new team, stating the unalterable time of practice in the school gym. The day before we were to meet, the roof sprung a leak, necessitating a change of practice time—11 phone calls. The next week, it rained again. Eleven more calls. On the third week the leak was fixed. It snowed. Eleven more calls to inform the doubtful that we would practice despite the snow. My calling calls were sharp now. I had mastered the right combination of friendly tone and brevity. But I also received calls. One father asked why we

didn't practice more; a mother asked why we practiced so often. Another mother, in a rage over having gone to the wrong gym and waiting for an hour, demanded to know why I changed the place of practice. "The roof," I said defensively. "The leaky roof."

En route to the first practice, the boys excluded me by sitting in the rear of the station wagon talking excitedly, fooling around and laughing.

"I'll ask him. Hey, are we gonna get trophies?"

"Trophies. We haven't even had our first practice and you want a trophy. One has to work for a trophy."

"Aww, c'mon, get us trophies."

"Yeah, trophies are good."

"What color are our uniforms?"

"I want red."

"Not red. Blue."

"Orange. Get orange."

"I want black."

Shaken by their shameless desire for rewards without effort, I determined to instill discipline and order from the start.

At the gym I realized that I had forgotten my diligently prepared practice outline and accompanying speech. Worse yet, I had left the whistle behind. Running third-grade basketball practice without a whistle is akin to driving a brakeless tractor trailer downhill. The yelling made me hoarse.

I began asking questions.

"How many players on a team?"

"Eleven."

"Seven."

"Two. We should start with two and then add more."

"In basketball you don't do that," I said.

"Five."

"Right," I said. "Five players. Anyone know the positions?"

Hands fly up.

"Fullback."

"No."

"Center-guard."

"That's two. Center and guard and one more."

"Coach."

"No."

"Forward."

Though I resolved to teach by action, the brief attention span of the youngsters made that difficult. My few words seemed to cause misunderstanding. "Get in the corner," sent one player literally there, off the court, behind the bleachers. "Guards, bring the ball down," resulted



continued

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in two boys holding the ball on the floor.

We drilled on the missing skills. There was the one-speed forward problem. When I would ask the forwards to come out to meet the ball, they would run full-speed ahead, as if they were stealing second, complete with slide and collision.

I showed them how to pass and catch the ball. I taught them to dribble low, stay loose, be aggressive on defense, shoot a layup. They ran too fast, fell over their feet, ran into one another, threw countless air balls. They also smiled, talked to one another, giggled at their errors. They enjoyed both practice and the trips to and from. The return trips were spent in telling ghost stories. Their memories and imaginations amazed me. Oh, how I needed memory and imagination from them on the court.

After the second practice it occurred to me that I was the only person not enjoying himself. But the boys' fun-loving attitude was getting to me. I began to take myself less seriously. I loosened up. I asked a friend to coach with me, to lighten the burden. I began to smile, to yell less, to expect only the possible. An air ball was no longer a disaster. We laughed together and approached our first game overwhelmingly unprepared but tuned for adventure.

We lost, 18-0. I adjusted my goal from trying to win every game to trying not to lose every game. During our second game, an 8-0 loss, my goals diminished progressively to tie, score, get a shot off, bring the ball over half court, get through the first half.

To be encouraging, I began to distort reality a little. When one player threw up his ninth air ball of the game, missing everything and everybody, I sprang up and yelled affirmatively. "Nice shot, John. Nice shot, good arch." John looked straight at me. And he laughed. And so did I. Meanwhile, his man ran by him and scored.

Ah well, my old winning-is-everything philosophy would have meant a winter-long, acute depression.

One night on the way home, after a ghost story ended, I spoke up.

"Did you guys hear the one about the boys on the pond? It was foggy and damp and"

A few days later, when the recreation director asked me how it was going, I knew my conversion was complete. Summoning up my new skills, I asked, "Hey, are we gonna get trophies?"

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FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Dec. 13-19

Compiled by ARMEN KETEVIAN

PRO BASKETBALL—Since becoming a starter on Dec. 7, Center Wayne Cooper has led the Portland Trail Blazers to six straight wins, including a 107-103 victory over L.A. Lakers on Dec. 14. Cooper held Los Angeles' Kareem Abdul-Jabbar to two points in the fourth quarter, outscored him 17-14 on the game and cut rebounded him 6-4. Portland, 15-7 after an 8-4 start, now trails Pacific Division leaders L.A. and Seattle by only 4½ games. Washington is another club calculating loss. The Redskins routed Chicago 108-102, Detroit 116-110 and Philadelphia 100-97 for their eighth, ninth and 10th wins in 13 starts, but were still 6½ games behind first-place Philadelphia in the Atlantic Division. For Portland Division leader San Antonio, winner of six of its last eight games, diversity made the difference, as George Gervin (29 points), Johnny Moore (29) and Mike Mitchell (26) respectively, scored the Spurs in wins over Houston (102-91), Detroit (120-108) and Utah (110-103). San Antonio may have been one of the court, too. Commentator Larry O'Brien upheld its protest of a 137-132 double overtime loss to Los Angeles Nov. 30. O'Brien ruled the last three seconds of regulation on time but re-played on April 11, the action resulting with the Spurs edging 116-114. O'Brien accepted San Antonio's contention that when Luke Garza's foot was on the floor the second of two free-throw attempts and caused players from both sides to enter the final seconds prematurely. Referee Jack Mullaney, once mostly called a double foul violation and a jump ball. The game will resume with Seattle at the last with one foul to go. In the Central Division, Milwaukee leads, but second-place Detroit slipped to only a game and a half ahead of third-place Atlanta.

BOKING—OSME OLANO scored a unanimous 15-round decision over Young Joe Lopez to retain his WBA cruiserweight title in Chicago.

COLLEGE FOOTBALL—THE EASTERN KENTUCKY Colonels beat Delaware 17-14 to win the NCAA Division I-AA title in Tulsa. OHIO STATE won the Midway Bowl 57-17 over Brigham Young in San Diego. ALABAMA edged Brown College 31-26 in the Tangerine Bowl in Orlando. FLORIDA STATE beat Bowling Green 29-28 in the California Bowl in Fresno.

PRO FOOTBALL—Mark Moseley shattered an NFL record—and probably the New York Giants' playoff hopes—when, with four seconds left, he converted his 210th consecutive field-goal attempt, a 42-yarder, as NFL co-leader Washington defeated the Giants 16-14. Moseley's kick, which broke Gerry Berryman's record set in 1976-77 with the Dolphins and Sam Elia's of the Giants 3-4 with two weeks remaining in the Redskins' tied with Dallas for longest in the NFL at 6-1. The Cowboys had an easy time with San Antonio 21-7, while Green Bay slipped to 6-2-1 after tying impressive Baltimore 20-20. Neil O'Donnell sacked St. Louis' playoff aspirant with a 48-yard field goal with 25 seconds left in the Cards' interminable Chicago 10-7. In San Francisco, the 49ers lost to the Raiders 24-17. In the AFC, Dallas led Cleveland to a 39-9 win over struggling Pittsburgh while Wilbert Montgomery set an Eagles record with a 96-yard TD run—the longest in the NFL in 10 years—on Philly's second Houston 24-16, six days after the Oilers' road loss to Dallas 37-7. Atlanta's 17-7 win over San Francisco virtually snuffed out the 49ers' floundering playoff hopes. And Minnesota edged Detroit 24-21. In the AFC, the Los Angeles Raiders, a division-leading 4-1, channel Bruce One of their intensity battle with the Rams. Marcus Allen ran three times, including an 11-yard game winner with 29 seconds left, in a 37-31 win. New England used a clutch second-second straight Chicago, 16-0 over Seattle, to run its record to 4-1. Buffalo fell in the same manner to Tampa, behind two Doug Williams touchdown passes, ruled for a 24-23 victory. In Denver, Kansas City upset the Broncos 37-16 in Quarterback Neil Lomax's third win over two losses. The Dolphins stopped the Jets' winning streak at 10, 20-19, on Steve Schuman's 4-yard field goal with three seconds left in the game.

HOCKEY—Despite a slight rebuilding of the ranks in three of the NHL's four divisions, no new leaders

emerged. The Norris Division remained stable as Chicago led by league goals leader Al Secord (21) swept three games to stay five points in front of Minnesota. Buffalo broke a three-game win streak in the Adams Division with back-to-back wins over the Nordiques. Boston stayed on first place, Montreal's streak by ousting Buffalo 8-1 and then Los Angeles 4-0. Washington kept coming in the Patrick Division with a 3-0-1 week, extending its 41-game unbeaten string to 11 games by beating Philadelphia 3-1 to tie the Flyers for second. A day after registering their 1981-82 Stanley Cup trap, the Pittsburgh Penguins topped the New York Rangers 5-2. Mike Rupp broke a seven-game goal-scoring drought—equalling the longest of his career—in a hat-trick. Vancouver vaulted into second behind Edmonton in the Smythe, a division to tight 10 live clubs are within 12 points of one another.

WIGGON BOGGER—MIL. The five-time defending champion New York Arrows continued their climb in the Eastern Division standings. New 8-3, the third-place Arrows beat Buffalo 3-2, and second-place Baltimore 5-4 to draw within 1½ games of first-place Cleveland in the Western Division. Phoenix defeated San Diego 5-1 but lost to Wichita 5-4. The Inferno, 8-3, is the only Western team with a record of better than 5-9.

TENNIS—MARTINA NAVRATILOVA beat Chris Evert Lloyd 4-6, 6-1, 6-2 to win the \$390,000 Toyota championships in New Jersey (page 38).

IVAN LENDL won a \$300,000 WCT event in Hartford, Conn. by beating Bill Scanlon 6-2, 6-4, 7-5.

WRESTLING—FIRE! An football coach at Indiana, LEE CORSO, 47, who compiled a 41-45-2 record during his 39 years there, including a 5-6 mark in 1982.

KEN HAYES, 48, eight games into his fourth season as the basketball coach at Oral Roberts, Hayes, 3-5 this year, had a 30-43 overall record with the Titans.

RETIRED College football's all-time winningest coach, PAUL HILARI ARLANT of Alabama 49 officiating after the Cotton Bowl Dec. 29 game against Illinois in the Liberty Bowl. Bryant's 38 year career ended in Maryland (1945), Kentucky (1946-51), Texas A&M (1954-57) and Alabama (1958-82) stands at 123-85-17, including six national championships during his 25 seasons at Alabama. Bryant will be replaced by RAY PIERKINS, 41, an All-America wide receiver with the Crimson Tide in 1966. Perkins has had a 23-33 record in three-plus seasons as coach of the New York Giants. He will be replaced on the Giants by the team's defensive coordinator, BILL PARCELLS, 43 (page 7).

SIGNED By the Chicago White Sox, free-agent pitcher FLOYD BARNISTER, 37, formerly of the Seattle Mariners, to a reported five-year, \$4.5 million contract by the New York Yankees. Free-agent Pitcher BOB SHIRLEY, 28, who played with the Cincinnati Reds last season, to a three-year, estimated \$1.7 million deal with an option on a fourth year.

TRADED By Cincinnati, Pitcher TOM KEAVER, 38, to the New York Mets for Pitcher CHARLIE PULEIO, 27, and two minor-leaguers, to San Francisco. Second baseman JOE MORGAN, 29, and Relief Pitcher AL WICKLEN, 30, to Philadelphia for Pitcher MIKE KILKOW, 30, and two minor-leaguers.

By Golden State, Guard WORLD B. FREE, 29, to Cleveland for Guard RON BREWER, 27.

DIED Innovator in Grand Prix car design and construction and the founder of Lotus Cars Ltd., COLIN CHAPMAN, 54, of a heart attack, in Norfolk, England. Chapman's Lotus 49s, built in 1967, was the first racing car to have its engine integrated with its body in the monocoque design. He is also credited with helping develop a number of Grand Prix night's finest drivers, including Jim Clark, Emerson Fittipaldi and Mario Andretti.

FACES IN THE CROWD



LARRY BIRD
TAMPA

Larry 33, a 15-inch lycrathene mace-w who plays power forward in The Busch Gardens Bird Show, shot 100% this year on route to scoring 2,324 points by dropping a plume golf ball through a hoop at a height of 13 inches.



MIKE A. IKA
CHICAGO, ILL.

Ho, whereabouts now unknown, who was recruited out of Chesapeake Bay skittered down a 16-foot plywood incline to triumph over 23 other entrants and win the featured Governor's Cup race in the 35th National Hard Crab Derby.



BRUTUS
L. BRUCE, TEXAS

Brutus, 3, a 31-pound male Border collie-Australian shepherd mix, put on a dazzling display of agility to win the Ashley Whippet Invitational. He caught nine Froebes in 90 seconds—15 out of 15—than any of the nine other regional champs.



RUBY BEGONIA
TAMPA, FLA.

Ruby, 1, won the Great Gobbler Gallop, which annually pits the fastest turkeys from Cusco and Worthington, Mont. After Ruby's combined time won of 3:04 in two heats, each of about 330 yards, Worthington leads the 10-year series 6-4.



KLUNGER
LOS ANGELES

Klunger, now deceased, a Norway rat, raced around a 17-foot oval track in 2.7 seconds to win the 10th annual Run-rag of the Rodents held at heartstone Spaulding College. Klunger beat a pack of seven other rats to become the big cheese.



CHRISTINE MANTLE
BIRCH SPRING, ARIZ.

The Check, a 5-year-old Russian mixed-breed hen, has pecked out some 15,000 house nuts in her four-year career at the I-Q Zoo by pulling a nylon loop that activates a fan. Despite hitting all homers, she shows surprising speed on the bases.

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Edited by GAY FLOOD

BIG BULLET

Sir

Congratulations on a fine article by Bruce Newman about Washington Center/Power Forward Jeff Ruland (*A Tough Man in a Scramble*, Dec. 13). If Ruland played for the Celtics, he'd be considered the second coming of Dave Cowens. It's sometimes embarrassing to listen to Boston broadcaster Johnny Most. He calls Celtics Rick Robey and Kevin McHale "Bumper and Thumper" and condones their style of play, which is virtually the same as Ruland's. It's great to be a Boston fan, but the announcing here is sometimes ousted. Put Ruland in a Celtic uniform and Most would probably love him. Why not? He's dynamite.

TOM DIEHL
Dedham, Mass.

Sir

Please don't glorify thugs like Jeff Ruland. Being big enough to get away with being a bully isn't sport.

S.H. GALE
Joplin, Mo.

Sir

The story about Jeff Ruland proved to me that his flippant attitude, which surfaced in the article, is the same as it was when he singlehandedly ruined the fine name of Iona College—and he's blaming everybody but himself for it.

LOUIS TOSFO
Iona Class of '83
Harrison, N.Y.

Sir

I was fortunate to have attended Iona during all three of Jeff Ruland's playing years, and I always felt he would become a top NBA player. Ruland has gotten a lot of undeserved bad press. He's justified in having some bitter feelings about his experience under former Iona Coach Jim Valvano. I think Jeff for the contributions he made to my school.

JAMES B. DAUGHERTY
Iona Class of '80
Greenwich, Conn.

Sir

I admire Jeff Ruland for his basketball ability, but I can't say the same for his treatment of his dog. An animal shouldn't be given beer or any other type of alcoholic beverage.

DUKEN LARY
Rochester, Vt.

KNOCK

Sir

The piece on Miami Guard Bob Kuechenberg by Paul Zimmerman (*The Star of Star Island*, Dec. 13) was fascinating. Articles such as this help to erase the "dumb jock" image

and display our sports heroes' true personalities as well as their off-field talents.

Kooch and the Dolphins—don't call them normal!

JACK A. BOENAU
Creston, Iowa

Sir

Once again Paul Zimmerman has given his work a special touch. His research is very complete, adding an erudite dimension to any piece he submits. Zimmerman is the star writer of SI!

PATRICIA W. LEFF
White Plains, N.Y.

Sir

Paul Zimmerman portrays Bob Kuechenberg as a decent, likeable person, but all that is marred by Kuechenberg's cheap shots at Norm Van Brocklin, who cut him from the Atlanta Falcons 13 years ago. The Dutchman cut, often with arresting suddenness, many better players than 21-year-old Bobby Kuechenberg. There's the story of the Falcons' flight home from an early-season road loss during which Van Brocklin reached for a motion-sickness bag and scrawled on it a list of 11 Falcons, including five starters, designated for immediate exit from the team, if not from the plane.

Though he has never gotten a fair shake from the press, Van Brocklin is one of the best quarterbacks of all time and one of the most brilliant of football minds. As the quarterback of a marginal 1960 Philadelphia Eagles team, Van Brocklin embarrassed Vince Lombardi's Green Bay Packers in the NFL title game. A year later, as a coach, he fashioned a most overlooked miracle, when he took the Minnesota Vikings, a first-year expansion team, into the season-opener and trounced the Chicago Bears 37-13. If you don't think that was a notable accomplishment, ask John McKay.

Journeymen Kuechenberg claims he would like to learn more about "the ultimate greats, the people who seemed like they came from another planet." He might profit from studying the Dutchman, especially as he is depicted as Jim Klobuchar's *True Heists and Purple Heads* (Rev. \$2.95 in paper).

MIKE O'CONNELL
Baraboo, Wis.

RAIDER ROOKIE

Sir

As a Georgia booster and a Herschel Walker supporter for the past three years, let me commend Ron Fimrite on a tremendous article about Marcus Allen (*Reaching Out for Glory*, Dec. 13). We Georgia fans regret having lost the Heisman Trophy last year to Allen, but as Walker pointed out, it wasn't a loss

when an athlete such as Allen, who rushed for 2,342 yards in his senior season at USC, won the award. Allen has shown his ability in the pros and seems to be in the mold of an O.J. Simpson or Walter Payton. We Dawg fans certainly wish him well.

TONY HEAD
Vadnais, Ga.

Sir

Ron Fimrite quotes the cynics who belittled Marcus Allen's rushing achievements during his senior year at Southern Cal as suggesting that Woody Allen would have been a success running behind last year's USC offensive line, Woody Allen? No sweat, Grace Allen, maybe.

CHRIS C. FIELD
Denver

Sir

Gasp and double gasp. Take a gander at Marcus Allen on the cover, carrying the football like a loaf of bread? Utterly reprehensible. For you youngsters out there, this isn't the way to tote a football. It's a great way to get the thing strung up.

Pardon me? Allen gained 121 yards on 12 carries in the first half? The Raiders are 5-1? Never mind.

TOM R. ILEDGE
Amherst, Mass.

CONNELL-SYRACUSE, 1938

Sir

Your NOSTALGIA piece by Walter Bingham (Nov. 22) really brought back memories of the Cornell-Syracuse football game of 1938, because I was the "Syracuse man" who intercepted the lateral from the Cornell fullback with Syracuse trailing by five points. Two plays later, Wilmett Sadat-Singh threw me the winning touchdown pass.

With Syracuse having trailed 10-0 at the half, and four touchdowns having been scored in the final nine minutes, small wonder Grantland Rice called the game the most amazing he'd ever witnessed.

Duffy Daugherty, later the coach of Michigan State, and Marty Glickman, the prominent TV sports announcer, also played for Syracuse in that game. Bud Wilkinson was the Orange end coach.

PHIL ALLEN
Syracuse, N.Y.

OTTERS

Sir

Bill Gilbert's article *The Utterly Delightful Otter* (Dec. 13) represents SI distilled to its essence. Gilbert writes with the grace and gentle humor of the creature he describes. However, it's sad that other state departments of conservation cannot be as enlightened as Massachusetts.

continued

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19TH HOLE (cont.)

sour's. The protectionists and the huntersicker as the extinction of species continues. It's heartwarming to learn that there are exceptions.

CLARA NICKERSON
Alexandria, Va.

Sir,

Applause for Bill Gilbert on a fantastic article about otters. I'm glad that some of the animals were moved to Missouri, where they will have a chance to increase in number. What I disliked was that radio transmitters were implanted in them. If the wildlife biologists want the otters to have the best chance to survive, they should just turn them loose.

DAN KLODGE
Williamsville, N.Y.

Sir,

Bill Gilbert's article contained more than I care to know about otters.

STEVE BROWN
Lakeville, Minn.

GAINESVILLE RUNNERS

Sir,

Any discussion of the running scene in Gainesville, Fla. (FOOTLOOSE, Dec. 13) is incomplete without reference to John L. Parker Jr. Not only was Parker a member, with Jack Bachelor and Frank Shorter, of the terrific Florida Track Club teams of the early '70s, but he also wrote about those days. His novel, *Once a Runner* (Cedarwinds, \$2.95 in paper), is a warm, humorous account of the athletic, social and political adventures of a collegiate miler as he trains for the Olympics. Despite Parker's disclaimer of any similarities between his fictional Kersville and Gainesville, a reader familiar with Gainesville and the University of Florida cannot suppress a smile of intimate conspiracy. Readers of all ages have enjoyed my well-worn copy, even if they have never run or been to "Hogtown."

MICHAEL P. DUNDYAN
Alexandria, Va.

JUNIOR TENNIS LESSONS (CONT.)

Sir,

I believe commendations are due those readers (19TH HOLE, Nov. 22 et seq.) who've written in response to Barry McDermott's article *The Glitter Has Gone* (Nov. 8), verifying from their own experiences that the idea of warning as adults see it isn't always best for children. Unrealistic parental expectations can turn normally constructive doses of pressure. Those parents who refuse to acknowledge this fact are usually the ones who most need to understand it. Young, aspiring athletes should learn that what's important is doing one's best. Before they undertake thousands of dollars' worth of tennis or other lessons, kids first need the freedom to be kids.

I appreciate SI's publication of divergent opinions, some of which have helped me develop an appreciation for sports I had seen little or no value in. Only through honest examination of others' views have I been able to

continue



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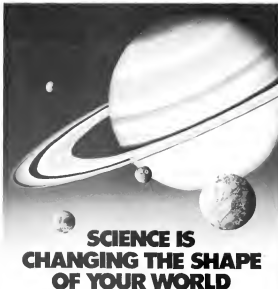
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18TH HOLE continued

come to a more mature perspective. As for reader Ike McKelvin's comment (Nov. 29) that his child hadn't read the McDermott article because "it could affect . . . his mind," I wonder how the child came to the conclusion that the effect would be bad.

CHUCK BRYANT
Somerville, Ala.

PUNISHING THE RULE BREAKERS

Sir, I've been a fan of your magazine and admired your editorial objectivity for many years. College athletics also remain a favorite of mine. With those two thoughts in mind, it's incredible that discussions of NCAA rules enforcement continue with no one—not even you—within my memory pointing a finger at one of the guilty parties.

Schools go on probation and guilt-free individuals are punished, while the head coaches, the ones who should be ultimately responsible for the actions of those under their supervision, go on to other, often better, positions. If these coaches, who benefit from the talents of every athlete on their teams, were held accountable for the actions of their supporting staff, cheating would soon greatly diminish. By accountable I mean subject to removal from coaching at any NCAA institution. A captain is responsible for every one of his crew—and he's supposed to go down with his ship, too.

GARY WEST
Tampa

SHINING EXAMPLES

Sir: The item entitled "Winning and Cheating" (SCORECARD, Nov. 22) was so one-sided and negative I have to respond. Sure, there are damning abuses in college athletics that usually lead to NCAA probation. But there also are shining examples of major colleges committed to excellence in academics as well as in athletics.

On Nov. 13 Penn State and Notre Dame played as the two major independents fighting for the national championship. Penn State may well be the best college team in the country and may wind up as the national champion. These probably was no greater assemblage of brains and brawn on the field anywhere this season than there was that weekend in South Bend. And when's the last time either Penn State or Notre Dame was on NCAA probation? Ever?

Come on, SE, balance your articles. Otherwise you'll add fuel to the media fires that allege that everybody involved with college athletics is a crook.

BRUCE MILLER
Alexandria, Va.

Letters should include the name, address and home telephone number of the writer and be addressed to The Editor, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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